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A. HARTER,

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A LITTLE 3-year old, whose mother was mixing a simple cough medicine for him, watched the process, and asked if it was good. He was permitted to taste it, and having discovered a bitterness in the decoction which was not suitable to the present wants of his palate he exclaimed: "It is awful good, mamma; let's keep it all for papa."

A GOLDEN TRESS.

Ah me! how slight a circumstance
May move our being's deepest springs.
Ah me! how simple-seeming chance
Can clutch forgotten passion strings,
And wake the old remembered tones,
Till memory maddens to the stir,
And all the past's oblivious bones
Leap living from the sepulcare.

I found to-day a golden tress
Of one who has been dead for years,
And such a sudden loneliness
Fell on my heart and on the spheres,
I well nigh feared the Christ of Faith
Had gathered all His sunshine in,
And left us nothing but the wraith
Of dark selfishness and sin.

The seat beneath the hazel-boughs,
The woodlands where our feet did stray,
The quick, warm thrill of whispered vows
That wore the precious time away,
The twilight depths of those dear eyes,
The reverent lips the saintly brow,
The Eden-hours of low replies,
Beloved! how they haunt me now.

Almost my heart had bridged across
The solem waters which did roll
Between my fearful sense of loss
And every other human soul.
But nothing now surmounts the waves,
That wash my barren island shore,
Moaning like dead hopes from their graves;
Ah nevermore! ah nevermore.

LIFE'S SHADOW.

Whatever on earth you can see to admire is beyond me," Dr. Ogden said emphatically.

"I did think, Carroll, you were made of different stuff from the ordinary run of young men, but it appears you are as big an idiot as the rest of them."

And, looking with Dr. Ogden's eyes—indeed, with almost anybody's eyes—it did seem as if young Carroll Eyting had done a very foolish thing in determinedly falling in love with a girl who was only pretty and fascinating, but—poor and obscure—and that, too, when, as the heir and prime favorite of his rich old bachelor uncle, Carroll might have married in his own rank and society.

But, Jessie Morrison was so pretty, it was hardly to be wondered at, when you looked at the question from the lover's side.

So pretty, with a fair dewy complxion, all cream-and-roses, great, melting black eyes and hair, and a mouth smilling, and fragrant and saucy, and a figure like a Hebe's.

"It's too bad, too bad," Dr. Ogden went on, half-scalding himself with hot coffee for supper—a breach of good judgement he would have roundly berated in a patient—"too bad for anything!

"I did think it would all come to an end, but here you come and tell me you are up and-down engaged to her—your prospects ruined, your future marred."

Carroll laughed pleasantly.

"Hardly as bad as that, uncle John, I hope.

"My engagement to Jessie promises to be a long one, for I have no idea of marrying until I am definitely settled for my life business."

"Ruined and blighted, I tell you," Dr. Ogden repeated emphatically.

"She is not the style of girl to make a good wife—she's selfish, and vain, and lazy—crimps her hair and fools with her toilets, at the expense of your shirt buttons——"

"But, uncle John," Carroll interrupted solemnly, a merry twinkle in his blue eyes, "you forget shirt buttons are not worn now.

"Button-holes and studs——"

"The invention of the demon for shiftless women and careless laundresses," Dr. Ogden growled.

"But that's neither here nor there.

"It's the principle of the thing that I am after, although I might argue till I was dumb before I could convince you that you were running your head against a post."

"Yes, I think it would take that long and longer," Carroll answered.

"I am sorry that you look upon Jessie as you do, uncle John, but I think, when you know her better, you will change your mind."

"Never!

"I haven't lived sixty-seven years, and half of them right in people's families, not to know the genuine article when I see it!

"And I tell you, my boy, Jessie Morrison hasn't the ring of the true metal about her—never had, never will have; it ain't in her."

And then Carroll bit his moustache—a sure sign that his usually placid temper was rising.

"We will not discuss the subject further, uncle John," he said, with a quiet manly dignity that Doctor Ogden felt bound to respect.

"Uncle John is terribly unreasonable, and utterly wrong," Carroll said to himself.

"The boy is making a consummate fool of himself," uncle John thought regretfully.

And for a long month Jessie's name was never mentioned between them.

It was at the end of that period of silence, one cold, dull January day, when there was snow in the air, and Dr. Ogden was driving rapidly through a shabby back street, when a woman ran out from a wretched little house and hailed him, holding her little blanket shawl tightly over her unkempt hair as she stood in the penetrating air.

"I have been watching for you the last hour, doctor.

"There's a bad case in the house—an old woman, and a stranger.

"You must come in and see her, doctor."

It was a "bad case,"—Dr. Ogden discovered that before he had been five minutes in the dull, comfortless tittle bedroom wher the patient lay.

"It's a bad case," he said to her, in his bluff, honest way, "but there's no reason why we won't pull you through.

"Small-pox, I suppose some people would call it, varioloid I say.

"But you aren't going to die, mind you, madam.

"You're a stranger here, Mrs. Jones tells me.

"What's your name?"

"I'm a stranger, sir, and I would have stayed where I was if I'd dreamed I was going to be such a dreadful trouble.

"Small-pox, yes, my daughter told me she knew it was small-pox.

"My name's Morrison, doctor, and I'm from Brighton on a visit to my daughter, whom I haven't seen for five years, but she was afraid——"

"Morrison!" Dr. Ogden repeated, a curious little snap in his voice.

"I've heard the name before.

"So your daughter wouldn't have you at her home, eh?"

"You couldn't hardly blame her—Jessie's young, pretty and gay, and girls is thoughtless, you know.

"Maybe you know her—Jessie Morrison, sir, in Hewling & Donaldson's dry goods' store?"

Dr. Ogden's eyes twinkled oddly as he buttoned up his overcoat.

"I've heard of her," he said.

"And you haven't seen her for five years?"

"Not until a couple of days ago, sir.

"You see, I can't get away—being in service—very often, but I'd heard Jessie was going to be married to as fine a young gentleman as there was in the world, and I crayed so to see her and talk it over with her.

"She always was high-minded, ambitious, Jessie was, and I wasn't surprised when I heard it; and, of course, I couldn't blame her for not letting me stay with her a few days, when she found I was ill with such symptoms."

"Well, I don't agree with you," he answered.

"Your daughter was bound to take care of you; you wouldn't have turned her out of your home if she had brought a pestilence with her.

"I don't admire your daughter over and above, madam—a girl who would allowed her old mother to live out at service, while she is earning fair wages and dresses as fine as your daughter does——

"Then you've seen her doctor?

"You know how pretty and stylish she is.

"I don't mind it a bit, and Mrs. Jones isn't afraid of the disease, for she's had it, and her husband, too.

"I've got a few dollars sayed up, and I'll give it to her.

"I was going to buy Jessie a coral pin she wants so bad, but she'll have to go without it now.

"What a terrible pity," Dr. Ogden said sarcastically.

"Now, Mrs. Morrison, I want you to take your medicine regularly, and follow every direction I give you, and in a little while you'll be all right."

And then Dr. Ogden bustled away to change his clothes and fumigate his hair and whiskers before he went home.

At luncheon that day, Carroll Eyting looked gloomy and depressed, and before the meal was over he broke the "month's silence."

"I dare say you will object, uncle John, but I would be thankful if you'd go and see Jessie.

"She's half ill, and dreadfully nervous, having been exposed to small-pox—a miserable begging creature from the city forced herself upon her a day or so, ago who at the time was sickened from the scourge herself.

"It is shameful, positively shameful that there is such laxity in our health laws as to——"

Dr. Ogden interrupted the indignant speech coolly.

"There are things more shameful, my boy.

"See here, Carroll—if I was to get the small-pox would you kick me out, send me to the hospital?

"What would you do?"

Carroll looked questiongly.

"Kick you out!

"Send you to the hospital!

"Why uncle John, you don't think me capable of——"

"That's enough.

"Of course you wouldn't.

"So you're afraid Miss Morrison's coming down with the small-pox, are you?

"I don't suppose you'd marry her if she turns out pock-marked and scanty-haired, and——"

"I'd marry her no matter how her beauty was spoiled!

"I loved Jessie, not her face," Carroll said hotly.

"Then, if her beauty of character was spoiled, her womanhood tarnished by a mean, despicable deed, you'd give her up?"

Carroll flushed.

"I would—but it is an impossibility.

"Will you go and see her, uncle John—as my betrothed wife?"

And then Dr. Ogden laid down his napkin, and stood up, and looked soelmnly at Carroll."

"My boy, when I tell you that this morning I was called to see the "miserable beggar from the city who forced herself' upon Miss Jessie Morrison, and learned from her own lips that she was the girl's own mother, inhumanly driven away—perhaps to her death—by reason of fear and mortification, I do not think you will ask me to visit Jessie Morrison as your 'betrothed wife.'"

Carroll had sprung to his feet during Dr. Ogden's words, a paleness on his face, an excitement in his manner, born of the very conviction in Dr. Ogden's words and mien.

"Uncle John!

"It is impossible—impossible!" he cried hoarsely.

But before twenty-four hours had passed he knew it was not only possible but true.

"You were right, uncle John," he said sadily, "the girl I loved was sperious metal.

"She was not worthy to be your niece."

And when Dr. Ogden shook him sympathizingly by the hand, he did as much as say—

"I told you so!"

Jessie Morrison did not have the small-pox, but she lost her lover, just as she richly deserved to lose him, and will repent bitterly her inhumanity as long as she lives.

Old Mrs. Morrison recovered in Heaven's providence, and under Dr. Ogden's skilled care—but it was not to return to the hard work of years, for touched with deep pity, Dr. Ogden and and Carroll secured her a position as matron in a children's asylum where her life is declining peacefully amid congenial, well-performed duties.

And Carroll Eyting will never marry, to Dr. Ogden's secret delight—yet a delight strangely mingled with regret at the young fellow's quiet sadness and indignation that such a girl could have shadowed so noble a life.

Belles of Ancient Days.

Undoubtedly there is much idle talk about the wonderful extravagance of ladies of the present day, their pursuit of constantly changing styles, and the luxuries demanded by those who can, or think they can afford the expense. One would be led to suppose, in the absence of knowledge to the contrary, that these were things of modern growth. But just look at the "style" they used to put on in early ages, and their enormous extravagance.

We are told that the ladies of Lesbos slept on roses whose perfume had been artificially heightened. And in times court maidens powdered their hair in gold. Marc Antony's daughter did not change her dress half a dozen times a day, as do the Saratoga graces, but she made the lampreys in her fish pond wear earrings. The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Aggripina, were valued at $2,664,480. This did not include her jewels. She wore at one supper $1,562,500 worth of jewels, and it was a plain citizen's supper. The luxury of Poppæe, beloved by Nero, was equal to that of Lollia. The women of the Roman empire indulged in all sorts of luxuries and excesses, and these were revived under Napoleon the first in France. Mme. Tallien bathed herself in a wash of strawberries and raspberries, and had herself rubbed down with sponges dipped in milk and perfumes. Ovid says that in his day girls were taught to smile gracefully. The beauties of ancient times were just as vain as modern belles, and spent the greater part of their day at their toilet. The use of cosmetics was universal amongst them. Aspasia and Cleopatra (models of female beauty, it is said), both used an abundance of paint, and each wrote a treatise on cosmetics. Cleopatra used bears' grease to keep her hair from falling out. Roman ladies were so careful of their complexions that to protect them they wore masks. The Atheman women of of antiquity were very studious of the attitudes and actions, and thought a hurried and sudden step a sign of rusticity. We have certain styles of beauty now-a-days; so had the Greeks. They went wild over the "ideal chin," neither sharp nor blunt, but gently undulating in its outline, and losing itself gradually and almost insensibly in the fullness of the neck. The union of the two eyebrows was esteemed by the Romans as a beauty. It is said they admired the air of dignity it gives to the face. An Albanian belle of to-day presents a rather striking appearance. She is, as a rule, coifed with seed pearls and coins, and enveloped in black serge pelisse. She uses paint on her face profusely, and her taste runs to cherry lips and cheeks and jet black eyebrows strongly drawn. An Albanian bride discards paint for a while, and if wealthy, wears a suit like this: Rose colored under robes, with an over robe of dark green velvet, the idea being taken from a rose bud half opened in its leaves. Thus arrayed the girl of handsome features is said to look really bewitching. The Tartars despise prominent nasal appendages, and the woman who has the smallest nose is esteemed the most charming, but to outside barbarians she is a perfect fright. The women of Spiti, India, wear tunics, and trousers of woolen stuff, with large boots, partly of leather, partly of blanket, which come up to the knee, and which they are fond of taking off at any time. In order to get greater warmth they often put a quantity of flour into these boots besides their legs. Their taste in regard to ornaments runs much to all sorts of rings, including nose rings. A typical women in the interior of Africa is thus described: "Her naked negro skin was leathery, coarse and wrinkled; her figure was tottering and knock-kneed; her thin hair hung in greasy locks; on her wrists and ankles she had almost an arsenal of metal links of iron, brass and copper, strong enough to bind a prisoner in his cell. About her neck were hanging chains of iron, strips of leather, strings of wooden balls and heaven knows what lumber more."

Less grain and more grazing tend to a better development of frame and muscle than when corn is fed to hogs exclusively. Build the frame first, and lay on the fat afterward.

The Postal Card.

No one denies that the postal card is a great thing, and yet it makes most people mad to get one. This is because we naturally feel sensitive about having our correspondence open to the eye of the postmaster and postal clerk. Yet they do not read them. Postal employes hate a postal card as cordially as any one else. if they were banished, and had nothing to read but a package of postalcards or a foreign book of statistics, they would read the statistics. This wild hunger for postal cards on the part of postmasters is all a myth. When the writer doesn't care who sees his message that knocks the curiosity out of those who handle those messages. A man who would read a postal card without being compelled to by some stringent statute must be a little deranged. When you receive one you say: "Here is a message of so little importance that the writer didn't care who saw it. I dont care much for it myself. Then you look it over and lay it away and forget it. Do you think that the postmaster is going to wear out his young life in devouring literature that the sendee does not feel proud of when he receives it? Nay, nay.

During our official experience we have been placed where we could have read postal cards time and again, and no one but the All-Seeing Eye would have detected, but we have controlled ourself and closed our eyes to the written message, refusing to take advantage of the confidence reposed in us by our Government and those who thus trusted us with their secrets. All over our great land every moment of the day or night these little cards are being silently scattered, breathing loving words inscribed with hard lead pencil, and shedding information upon sundered hearts, they are as safe as though they had never been breathed.

They are safer in most instances because they cannot be read by anybody in the whole world.

That is why it irritates us to have some one open up a conversation by saying: "You rememoer what that fellow wrote me from Cheyenne on that postal card of the twenty fifth, and how he rounded me up for not sending him those goods?" Now, we can't keep all those things in our head. It requires too much of a strain to do it on the salary we receive. A man with a very large salary and a tenacious memory might keep run of the postal correspondence in a small office, but we cannot do it. We are not accustom to it, and it rattles and exites us.

Bank Burglary as an Art.

A writer from San Francisco says when the combination lock was invented it was thought that burglars could no more go a burglarizing. In 1872 or 1873, however, this fond hope was found fallacious, when a Louisville bank was nearly "cleaned out of cash." This adroit operation was followed for a period of four years by a number of robberies and attempted robberies which have never been equaled. The "gentlemen of the jimmy" had the best of the combination lock. Some idea may be had of the serious character of this fact, when the reader reflects that during those years nearly three millions of money and bonds were stolen from various banking institutions. These most skilful robberies were the work of one gang of men, nor was the proof necessary to convict obtained until the famous Northampton robbery, in the winter of 1876, when four masked men took from the vault money and bonds of the face value of nearly one and a quarter million.

I propose to tell the story of two of the exploits of this gang, which, although not altogether successful, will show; in part, the amount of work required to break a bank. It may deter lethargic persons from adopting the profession, because it will be found that even burglars have to work for a living. Robert Scott and Jimmy Dunlap were the brains of the combination, the former born in Warsaw, Ill., and the other in Scotland. They were both "nervy," muscular, and nobby. They lived in considerable style and fared sumptuously every day. Scott owned the celebrated trotting mare Knox. He, in company with the blonde-moustached Dunlap, created no end of a sensation one season at Long Branch being voted stunning good fellows by the men, while they attracted considerable attention among the ladies. Billy Conners, a New York "crook," was also a member of the syndicate. The Second National Bank of Elmira was selected for attack. It was decided to "work the bank" through the floor of the Young Men's Christian Association room directly above the vault. But they were met at the outset by an unexpected difficulty—the door of the room was an iron one, and locked with a Hall lock. They did not understand its mechanism. One of the party entered the house of the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association while he was asleep and searched his pockets to steal the keys long enough to get an impression in wax. The young man, however, had placed the keys under the carpet in his room, and the robbers were thus foiled. They were now "in a quandary," and were almost ready to give up, when Conners heard of a lock expert who was employed by one of the great New York safe-makers. Considerable diplomacy was employed and some half a dozen interviews held before the expert consented to reveal the secrets of the Hall lock for $50,000.

Conners came back to Elmira, and Dunlap, by some means, managed to have a letter sent to the New York safe men making inquiry in regard to their goods. As was expected, the expert was despatched to Elmira to "buz" the customer." He was careful to make known his business. It was mentioned in an evening paper. Scott inserted a ball of paper in the Hall lock, in consequence of which it was quite natural that the expert be summoned to repair the same. The expert took an impression of the key, and that difficulty was surmounted. About this time a certain Mrs. Davis came to Elmira from Baltimore and rented a small house in the suburbs. She represented her husband as a commercial man, who was almost always on the road. It was a queer kind of housekeeping she kept. There was a full set of window curtains to the house, a few blankets and a few culinary utensils. But she was very careful to sweep the pavement every day and hang out an occasional "washing."

Here the "gang" spent their time, never going out in day time, and using every precaution against discovery. The reader will see at once the value of this cover. These men, it must be remembered, were suspected; some of them were known bank breakers. Had their presence been known in Elmira a dozen of detectives would have been at their heels and all the banks would have been warned. By this plan, however, they were enabled to defy pursuit, for had a robbery been committed during their stay there, no one knew they were in the city. They were strangers to everybody; nobody was familiar with their faces. In this house they lived nearly two months. Every night they went to the Y. M. C. A. room, unlocked the door and took up the flooring, which they were also careful to replace before the morning began to blush over the hills. There were not more than six men engaged in this work: one of the party was obliged to "pipe" outside. Ton after ton of stone was carried up stairs in baskets and deposited on the roof; they burrowed through five feet of solid masonry, and thence through a layer of heavy iron. A plate of steel, nearly two inches in thickness, was the last barrier between them and the coveted wealth. They were at work upon this. The president of the bank, Mr. H. C Pratt, had occasion to enter the vault one night, and observed a quantity of plaster dust upon the floor. The president suspected and hunted up an officer; but the midnight masons took the hint and escaped.

Stanley and Brazza.

Brazza, the African explores, the other night heaped coals of fire upon Stanley's head. But he did not operate in a meek, Christian spirit. He is an Italian and has a very remarkable head. To the front view of his face Euclid's definition of a line (length without breadth) is applicable. There are, however, a pair of gleaming, intensely keen black eyes, the ironical expression of which must have been galling to Stanley. As to the profile, it is made up of violent curves. The forehead is bumpy and strongly modeled. A very high-bridged nose (higher than the Duke of Wellington's, but not so abruptly outlined) dips at the end in a rounded point, so far down as to be almost horizontal with the mouth. The chin advances in another strong curve. Brazza's head is Florentine. In Leonardo's picture of "The Last Supper" there is such a head, and it is upon the shoulders of one who betrayed with a kiss. Judas has not, however, gleaming eyes and an expression of scorching irony. Brazza managed not to look scornful when singeing Stanley's head. It is said that he was eavesdropping while his hated rival was expressing contempt for him and the French flag, which he appraised, in the diction of a New York drygoods store, at so much per square yard. Brazza's appearance at the close of the evening was a most effective and smoothly performed coup de theatre. His little speech was delivered trippingly, in a good voice and with telling emphasis. That "Let me shake hands with you before I hear what you have said of me"—it was as the lady saying to the gentleman who asked her in a railway train if she objected to a cigar being lighted, "I really cannot answer one way or the other, as nobody ever yet smoked before me." Judged according to his tenacity, and enterprise, Stanley is a great man; but he is a poor writer. His speech, which he read with a closed mouth, was interminable and without movement. Why he called Brazza a Florentine in meaning to abuse him it is hard to understand It is not disgraceful to be a countryman of Dante.

Man and Animals.

There can be no doubt that dogs associate with barking in certain tones special emotional states in their companions. In fact, it is probable that dogs can, in this way, communicate with each other a wide range of states of feeling. But these states are present states, not states past or future. They are their own states; not the states of others. A dog can call his companions' attention to a worriable cat, or he may have his attention roused by exclaiming "cat." But no dog could tell his companion of the successful "worry" he had just enjoyed, or suggest that they should go out for a "worry" to-morrow morning. And here we come upon what seems to me the fact which raises man so immeasurably above the level of the brute. The brute has to be contented with the experience he inherits or individually acquires. Man, through a language, spoken or written, profits by the experience of his fellows. Even the most savage tribe has traditions extending back to his father's father (sprout). And the civilized man—has he not in his libraries the recorded results of many centuries of ever-widening experience and ever-deepening thought? Thus it is that language has made us men. By means of language, and language alone, has human thought become possible. This it is which has placed so enormous a gap between the mind of man and the mind of the dog. Through language each human being becomes the inheritor of the accumulated thought and experience of the whole human race. Through language has the higher abstract thought become possible.

Malmaison France.

The sale of Malmaison to a land company for $90,000, or less than one-third of what the late Emporer Napoleon gave Queen Christina of Spain for it will remove another landmark in the history of the Bonapartes. Originally a hospital, Malmaison was the dowry home of Josephine to Beauharnais, and it was there that she died, thus being fulfilled, according to Lord Holland, the prophecy made to her by a gipsy before she had made the acquaintance of Napoleon, that "she would be more than a queen and die in a hospital," After the death of Josephine, Malmaison became in turn the property of a Swedish banker and of the ex-Queen Christina of Spain, while of late years it has belonged to to a financier, whose attempts to divide the property into eligible building sites was a failure. This financier has gone the way of so many courtiers, and Malmaison is to be demolished to make room for a manufactory.

—Wolfe was conquerer of Quebec at irty-two

Papier-Mache for Building.

A trade journal has the following regarding papier-mache: It may claim to rival iron in the multiplicity of its industrial applications. In Europe it is employed to a considerable extent in arcnitecture, from a complete church building in Bavaria (capable of seating 1,000 persons,) having columns, walls, altars, roof and spire of papier-mache, to the finest traceries of a Gothic screen. Some of the most tasteful halls in Britain and on the continent are finished in it, in preference to wood. The mantels and the mirror frames they support, are of its composition; and, strange as it may seem, the very chandeliers, in their gilded elegance, are of this humble material. Its use in architecture can literally have no limit; for no one to-day can say what may not be made of it. In toys, tables, bijouterie of all kinds, we have examples of its extensive uses, and suggestions of its future applications. Papier-mache never cracks, as wood, plaster, terra-cotta, etc., will do. In the same articles it can be made, if required, far lighter than plaster, terra-cotta, metal or even wood. Neither heat nor cold affects it; it can be sawed, fitted, nailed or screwed, quickly adjusted or removed, gilded, painted, marbleized or bronzed. It can be made light as cork, or heavy as stone; never discolors by rust, as with iron; is not affected by temperature or oxygen, as is even zinc. It can be made for a given thickness stronger than any white or rare marbles, and is even tougher than slate, quite as hard, and will not chip corners nor crack off in strata. One of the great advantages of papier-mache is that it can be produced very cheaply. In architecture it can be supplied very nearly at plaster price, and, taking into consideration the price of putting up, costs no more, and sometimes even less. This depends on the size of the ornament, the larger being the cheaper in proportion. It can be made to imitate the rarest marbles, as it takes a polish even superior to slate, and costs not half so much as the preparation of plaster of Paris, known as scagliola, while it is infinitely stronger. Pedestals, columns, newel-posts, vases, clocks, and multifarous other articles are made of it in elegant and durable forms. Possibly, as a recent writer remarks, when the forests of the globe are regarded as curiosities, and the remaining groves are perserved with the same care that has guarded historic trees, the cast off rags of mankind, and the other wise useless weeds, reeds and grasses of the marsh and swamp, will take the place of timber in the construction, and many will welcome the change, if for nothing else than that it will obviate much of the nuisance of frequent repaintings.

Tiger Slaying Extraordinary.

In the early part of October in Java took place the announced clearance among the tigers belonging to His Highness the Sultan, in order to make room for a fresh supply when the new tigers pens will be built. At about 10 A. M. the Sultan, the Resident Military Commander, Assistant Resident and other spectators appeared behind the Kraton and seated themselves in a grand stand constructed for the purpose. Thousands of Javanese flocked to the spot to see the combats. Soon a fight between a royal tiger and a buffalo together in a pen was commenced. The tiger was several times tossed into the air and then gored to death by the buffalo, which had been made as furious as possible by peppered water, burning nettles and red-hot iron bars. This combat lasted fully two hours. Afterward began the rampoken or tiger fight. On the plain alongside the Kraton stood Javanese, armed with stout spears fifteen to eighteen feet long, drawn up in rows, one behind the other, altogether an extraordinary large square. The two foremost rows lay kneeling, the two hindmost stood erect. In the centre of this open space were thirteen straw-roofed, wooden pens, in each of which was a tiger. At a given signal a musical instrument called the gamelan begins playing a martial air to a slow measure. The tiger-keepers then step out of the ranks and approach the cage. Two of them bear each a burning torch, with which they set fire to the straw. The tiger, frightened by the shower of sparks, is then forced out into the open space, but knows not whither to turn. It runs around and seeks whether it can find an outlet, until it endeavors either by a desperate spring to get away over the human wall which keeps it inclosed or tries to creep through underneath. But it falls pierced by the many spears which have struck it. It utters a savage cry, which is drowned by the applause and shouts of the multitude. In silent agony it strikes around furiously with its mighty paws. The shafts of the spears often break like glass. In such cases a single blow might cost the life of any unfortunate within reach of its claws. It is afterward killed in due form. This scene took place in the same way thirteen times successively with as many tigers, the festivity closing at 2 P. M. Only a few accidents occurred. One soldier by ill luck received a spear thrust when combating with a tiger, and was severely wounded in the leg. A native received a bite when one of the tigers broke through the square and was killed outside it, after causing great commotion among the spectators.

Weight of Men and Women.

For the purpose of ascertaining the average weight of men and women living in that section of the country of which Cincinnati is the centre, a thorough test was made during the recent industrial exhibition in that city, 22,155 adults were weighed, of whom 7,467 were men and 14,688 were women. The average weight for the former was found to be 154.02 pounds, and for the latter 130 87 pounds. A similar record of the weights of 20,000 men and women was made in Boston in 1864, by which it appeared that in that latitude the average weight of a man was 141.5 pounds, and of a woman 124.5 pounds

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21., 1882.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL

Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at

$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square....	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$6 00
¼ column...	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column...	5 00	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00
1 column...	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Job Work done on short notice.

DEININGER & RUMILLER,

Editors and Proprietors.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Revs P C Weidenmyer and J D Shortess Preach's

Rev. J. D. Shortess will preach next Sunday evening.

Sunday School, 1½p. M.—Rev. C F. Gephart, Supt

Missionary Society meets on the second Monday evening of each month.

Methodist.

Rev. Furman Adams Preacher-in-charge.

Sunday School at 10½ A. M.—D. A Musser, Sup't

Reformed.

Rev. Zwingli A. Yearick, Pastor.

Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday afternoon—English.

United Brethren.

Rev. J. G. W. Herald. Preacher-in-charge.

Regular services next Sunday morning.

United Sunday School.

Meets at 9 A. M.—A. R. Alexander, Supt.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—

Communion services in Aaronsburg next Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock, German, and in the evening at 7 o'clock, English. Preparatory services Saturday afternoon in German. Preaching also on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings.

Ladies' Mite Society meets on the first Monday evening of each month.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 355, I. O. O. F, meets in their hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
C. W. HARTMAN, Sec. JOS. DINGES, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. T. G. ERHARD, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec. B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
J. W. Foote, Sec. D. I. Brown Pres't.

CHRISTMAS.

The happy, joyful day, the gladdest of the year—the day of precious family reunions, of merry social festivities, of inspiring church services—will soon be here again.

The anniversary of the Saviour's advent into the world should rightfully be the happiest, as it is the most significant, day of the entire year. It is the day above all others when the heart should lift itself above the common cares, perplexities and sorrows of this life, in fond hope and strong faith, realizing that our dear Father in heaven careth for us, if we trust in Him, and that He will lead us gently down life's journey to the end, and finally, for His own dear Son's sake, whose glorious natal day we celebrate, take us to our eternal home above.

Parents should strive to make this eventful season of permanent, lasting benefit to their families. Not only should every member of the home circle be kindly remembered with appropriate presents—for these are outward tokens of inward affection and love—but the higher and more important lessons of the occasion, the historic origin and glorious signification of Christmas should be taught and impressed. People who spend the sacred, holy day solely in feasting and mirth, have but a low conception of its grand design, and will enjoy none of its ennobling influences, its hallowed associations, reap none of its higher benefits. To such the "good tidings of great joy" does not come. The angelic message, "Peace on earth good, will to men," has no true meaning to them.

Christmas should be made preeminently the occasion of active charity to the destitute and suffering. He who, surrounded with every comfort and luxury the heart can desire, forgets or ignores the claims of the poor, the widow and the orphan around him, but little understands the object and scope of the blessed gospel of that Savour who was born unto us "this day." If we give to those only from whom we expect to receive again, what reward have we? It is one of the plainest and most imperative of christian duties to seek out the neglected and degraded, those who have little sunshine but much darkness in their life's journey—and there are such in every community—and minister to their modest but pressing wants. How many sad hearts could be made happy, how many humble homes made cheerful, how many erring and wandering ones reclaimed for virtue, if the professed followers of Him who sacrificed Himself for all, would be more vigilent and active in deeds of charity and errands of mercy and love.

It behooves us as a christain people, as each succeeding Christmas comes and goes, to grow and improve in those graces which alone make life worth living for.

THE gossips seem at last to have decided upon Governor-elect Pattison's cabinet with Mr. Cassidy for attorney general and Mr. Stenger for secretary of the commonwealth, but they will hardly feel entirely satisfied until Mr. Pattison has confirmed these nominations.

A Crowd that Howls for Office.

If Controller Pattison were hermetically sealed in a fire-proof safe and the key burried in the deep bosom of the Delaware, it is the opinion of his chief clerk, Mr. Hirst, that several hundred of the thousand or more office-seekers would shortly penetrate his hiding-place and drown him in a flood of petitions for appointments. As a matter of fact, the Controller's office has been in a state of siege for a month past. Mr. Hirst is in command of the outposts, while Secretary Everett guards the inner fortress. The beleaguering party are a dauntless set. They lie in wait in the dark corridors, lurk in the narrow passages and storm up the broad stairs leading to the Governor-elect's apartments, only to be routed but not dismayed. They are a determined band of anxious men, a gallant crew of give-me-a-nice-easy-berth-or-I'll-never-let-up-on-you men. The captains are 'vest pocket" division workers and the colonels and majors mackerel-eyed individuals, in seedy black and paper collars. It requires much manœuvring and more tact to save Mr. Pattison from this hungry horde. Mr. Hirst meets the enemy on his first appearance. He generally presents a petition or has some very important disclosure intended only for the Governer's private ear, or has a subscription list and a thousand and one similar excuses, which he conjures up to secure an audience. He never gets what he comes for and goes out only to give place to another of his kind.

While these scenes are going forward Mr. Everett is being pelted with numberless paper pellets, in the form of petitions for appointments and begging letters from every conceivable class of people and societies.

Hon. P. Gray Meek is a candidate for the office of Chief Clerk of the House, and Hon. W. K. Alexander for Postmaster. Both gentlemen are eminently well qualified for the positions, and since Centre county has had nothing in that line these many years we hope both may be successfull.

Additional Locals.

—Rev. Samuel Smith, of Union county, made us a friendly call last week. Ever welcome.

—We see by the Girard (Kansas) *Press* that our friend Thomas J. Mingle was at that place recently and that he expects to locate at Fort Scott, some twenty miles distant from Girard.

FOR JESUS CHRIST.—All friends of JESUS are requested to send in 25 cents for an Agent Outfit, (containing 5 beautiful Chromos &c.), to promote thd cause of Christ &s. Address J. G. STAUFFER, Quakertown, Bucks county, Pa.

—We are happy to see by "Maud Muller's" correspondenee to the Clinton *Democrat* that the Lutherans of Snydertown and vicinity, in Nittany Valley, have at last resolved to build a new church. Work is to begin as soon as $3500 are secured. The subscriptions thus far are very satisfactory. The ladies are holding a fair and oyster supper to-morrow and Saturday.

AN ACCEPTABLE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—If you have a son, brother cousin or other good friend anywhere in the great west and would make him an acceptable New Year's present, just come to the JOURNAL OFFICE and for *one dollar* we will send the JOURNAL fifty times a year. You can then send the receipt as a gift—or we will do it for you. Come.

—Our young friend Wm. H. Rote, formerly from this neighborhood, writes us from Valparaiso, Ind., that he attends a school of some kind at that place and that he makes the languages his speciality. He is as bright an intellect as one could meet in a day's travel and would make a "just splendid" country editor. But pray, William, what kind of an institution have you at Valparaiso that commands such a vast patronage? Is it a college, university or what?

Now is your Time!

Get two Weekly Newspapers For the Price of One.

And the Best Inland Daily at Reduced Rates.

The subscription price of the WEEKLY PATRIOT is $1.00 per annum, cash in advance.

Hereafter the WEEKLY PATRIOT and the New York *Weekly Sun* will be sent to the same address one year, for $1.90 cash in advance; or the WEEKLY PATRIOT and the Philadelphia *Weekly Times* for $2.00 cash in advance.

To any person getting up a club of ten or more subscribers to the WEEKLY PATRIOT at $1.00 per copy per annum, one copy will be sent gratis for the year.

The subscription price of the DAILY PATRIOT by mail is $6.00 per annum, cash in advance. If not paid in advance $7.00 per annum will be charged; for six months $3.00 in advance or $3.50 if not paid in advance; and at proportional rates for shorter periods. The DAILY PATRIOT during the sessions of congress and the legislature will be especially interesting. Send for sample copies of the Daily and Weekly. Remittances must be made by Post Office money order or draft accepted by bank on which it is drawn. Address PATRIOT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 320 Market street, Harrisburg, Pa.

News Miscellany.

The proceeds resulting fron the fifteen grains of corn, which were distributed to the scholars of the Zion's Reformed Sunday school of Allentown, in the spring of the year, and which were directed to be planted and cultivated during the summer, amount to $75,49, which will be devoted to the cause of missions.

SEVERE SENTENCE.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., December 11.—Mrs. Bridget Kennedy, of Rutland, has been sent to the House of Correction for nearly fifty years for violating the liquor law. She was convicted of two hundred and ninety-five second offenses under the law, and, being unable to pay the fines and costs, she must serve it out in jail.

The Crops in Pennsylvania.

HARRISBURG, December 11.—The Pennsylvania Board of Agriculture has received reports from its 450 official reporters and makes the following estimate of the crops of 1882: Wheat, 22,425,000 bushles; corn, 38,875,000 bushels; oats, 34,630,000 bushels; rye, 5,805,000 bushels; potatoes, 14,760,000 bushels; tobacco, 18,750,000 pounds.

Raffling for the Biggest Hog.

READING, December 12.—A raffle began at Womelsdorf to-day for probably the biggest hog in the United States. It weighs over fourteen hundred pounds and is named "Jumbo." So great is the interest manifested in the result that sporting men are gathered in Womelsdorf from all over the county. The hog is a Jersey red and is a veritable monument of lard. Twenty-eight hundred tickets have been sold, each ticket entitling the holder to three throws. The highest number of heads thrown with seven old copper cents takes the hog. The raffling will not be completed before Thursday. The town is all agog and has the appearance of a general holiday.

Oh but it makes us feel proud that *our native place* raises such monster hogs.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAY BULL.—Came to the residence of the subscriber, near Woodward, sometime ago, a stray bull about a year and a half old, brown color with little white spots on each side.

The owner is requested to pay charges, and take the same away, otherwise it will be sold as the law directs.

3m HENRY VONADA.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of John Hess, late of Haines township, Centre county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

MICHAEL S. FIEDLER, Executor.

6t

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—The subscriber, Executor of the estate of John Hess, late of Haines township, deceased, will offer at public sale, on the premises, one half mile north of Farmers' Store in Haines township, Centre county, Pa., on

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28TH, 1882,

the following described valuable real estate, consisting of one first class farm, adjoining lands of Henry Fiedler, John C. Stover, Charles Smith and others, containing 136 acres, all cleared and in a high state of cultivation. Thereon erected a large dwelling house, bank barn and all other necessary outbuildings. A young, thrifty orchard of choice fruit and a never-failing streamlet of water on the premises. Altogether a very valuable farm.

ALSO,

27 acres of timber land situate on Brush Mountain, in said township, adjoining lands of George Wolf and others.

ALSO,

75 acres, more or less, of very valuable timber land in Pine Creek Hollow near John C. Motz's saw mill. This tract is well covered with fine pine and hemlock wood.

ALSO,

28 acres, more or less, of timberland, situate in Pine Creek Hollow, near steam saw mill, mostly hemlock and chestnut.

ALSO,

1 acre of land, adjoining lands of Fred. Weaver in said township, on which is a good lime stone quaarry.

Sale to begin at 12 o'clock, M., of said day, when terms will be made known by

M. S. FIEDLER, Executor.
A. HARTER, Auctioneer.

td

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE MOUNTAIN LAND.—The undersigned has been appointed by the heirs of George and John Wolf, Henry Stover and other owners, to sell all that CERTAIN TRACT OF MOUNTAIN LAND, situate about one mile north east from Aaronsburg, adjoining lands of Wm. Condo, Daniel Lenker, Joseph Holloway, Jacyb Wolf, George Bright, F. J. Weaver, Enoch Kreamer and others, known as the Stover & Wolf tract, containing about one hundred and seventy acres.

Sale in Millheim on Saturday, December 16th, next, at one o'clock, P. M., when terms will be made known by

JONATHAN HARTER.

STRAY NOTICE.—Came to the residence of the subscriber in Miles township, on or about the 15th of Sept. last, a steer about two years old, reddish yellow color, white along belley, with cut in right ear. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take the same away, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.

U. S. SHAFER.
Oct. 26. 1881 3m

NOTICE.—I have for collection the sale notes of John Bame, which will be due December 15th, inst.; John Zarker, due December 23d, inst.; Henry N. Kreamer, due December 25th, inst. All concerned will please take notice,

49-3t D. L. ZERBY.

BAKER HOUSE,

North Second Street,

Half a square south of the L. & T. R. R. Depot,

LEWISBURG, PA.

New and commodious Building; Equipped in all departments with entirely new Furniture.

No efforts spared to make the BAKER HOUSE a pleasant, comfortable Home to all guests.

An excellent Livery attached.

W. N. BAKER, Proprietor.

WISE people are always on the look-out for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Get the Best.

Webster's Dictionary is the best. Every family should have a copy. Allison's Webster's Dictionary containing over 300 illustrations, 50,000 words and phrases, pronouncing vocabulary of scripture and proper names, list of mythological and classical names, United States census for 1880 and many other useful tables. Postpaid for only 50 cents. Address E. Florence & Co., P. O. box 1880, South Bend, Ind.

Chickering Pianos.

The Standard Piano of the World.

General Agency for these magnificent Instruments is at

J. R. SMITH & CO's

Nos. 110, 112, and 114 Front St.,

MILTON, PA.

Cabinet Organs,

Smith, American, Estey, Taylor & Farley Bridgeport and others.

FURNITURE AND CARPETS.

Largest Stock—Lowest Prices.

Our sales exceed those of any house in our line in the state. Buying in immense quantities direct from the manufacturers for *CASH*, we defy competition.

All Goods are at Actual Value.
No Fictitious Prices. All Fully Warranted.

It will pay any one contemplating the purchase of an instrument, or anything in our line to call and get quotations.

Catalogues and Prices by mail on application.

J. R. SMITH & CO.

ARRIVAL

OF

FALL & WINTER MILLINERY GOODS

AT

Anna M. Weaver's.

I have now in stock a complete line of

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS & BONNETS,

AT THE

LOWEST PRICES.

ANNA M. WEAVER,

Penn Street, opposite Hartman's Foundry, MILLHEIM, PENNA.

GET THE BEST

THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES

The people generally get that which they make a market for. They demanded better newspapers, and within the last few years journalism has made rapid strides. **THE TIMES**, which, from the day of its first issue, took place in the front rank of progressive journalism, has kept along at the double-quick step, and at this time is a better newspaper than ever. It is a journal that never sleeps and never takes a holiday. As there are 365 days, so there are 365 issues of **THE TIMES** in a year. The week-day edition of **THE TIMES** is of four pages, being in a form suitable for the busy man or the busy woman. The Sunday edition, of eight pages contains a great deal of the best miscellany as well as all the news. The editorial strength of **THE TIMES** need not be dwelt upon—the fact that it is quoted more than any other paper in America is sufficient evidence of its excellence in that direction. Nor need the typographical superiority be more than mentioned—for it is widely known as "the handsomest paper in the country."

THE PHILADELPHIA WEEKLY TIMES

Covers a distinct field. Into THE WEEKLY goes the cream of the daily issues and at the same time it contains matter especially adapted to the want s of readers in every part of America. It circulates, as a first-class family journal, in every State and Territory, and it has subscribers in every part of the world. The leading feature of THE WEEKLY is the "ANNALS OF THE WAR." This department embraces chapters of unwritten history, contributed by prominent actors in the War of the Rebellion, and it has become a recognized depository of such matters whether from Northern or Southern sources. The ANNALS will be kept fully up to the high standard of former years.

TERMS.

THE DAILY TIMES—Twelve Cents a week. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS, postage free, Six Dollars a year, Fifty Cents a month.

THE WEEKLY TIMES—Fifty-six columns of the choicest reading, especially prepared to meet the wants of weekly newspaper readers. One copy $2.00; Five copies, $8.00; Ten copies, $15.00; Twenty copies, $25.00. An extra copy sent free to any person getting up Clubs of ten or twenty.

THE SUNDAY EDITION—Double Sheet, eight pages. The best known and most accomplished writers contribute to its columns every week. Two Dollars a year, postage free. Single copies, Four Cents.

THE TIMES ALMANAC—A Manual of Political and other Information, published on the First of January every year. Fifteen Cents, a copy.

THE ANNALS OF THE WAR—A royal octavo volume of 800 pages, beautifully illustrated Written by Principal Participants in the War, North and South. Price, $3.00

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS AND OTHER COMMUNICATIONS TO

THE TIMES,

TIMES BUILDING, CHESTNUT AND EIGHTH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

SEND FOR A SPECIMEN COPY.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Japanese Crepe.

In order to introduce our Japanese Crepe goods we will send postpaid to any address on receipt of fifty cents, or 17 three-cent stamps, the following: 1 window banner, size 13 by 24 inches, with rich color and deep border; 1 tidy, size 8 by 11 inches, very handsome; 1 lamp mat 27 inches in circumference, perfectly lovely; 1 wall screen, large and handsome. Address E. Florence & Co., P. O. box 1880, South Bend, Indiana.

Big Fall in Prices

AT THE

BEE HIVE STORE

13 MAIN STREET, LOCK HAVEN,

We have just received another Big Stock of

DRY GOODS

FOR THE

Fall and Winter, 1882-3.

AND WE WILL OFFER THEM FOR

THE NEXT 30 DAYS

AT

VERY LOW PRICES.

Our Departments are well stocked and we have bought

LARGE LOTS OF GOODS

From Closing out Sales in New York and Philadelphia, and will give our Customers the

Advantage of these Bargains

as long as these goods will last, many of them we will be unable to get again at the prices paid for them and so it will be to your advantage to come soon. We will give you an idea of how we are selling Goods by the following lists of prices:

10-4 White Blanket $2.75

11-4 Gray Blanket $1.75,

11-4 7lbs Gray Blanket $3.00

Former Price $4.00.

Brocade Dress Goods, 12

Former Price 22c.

38 inch Chasin in all colors, Lupin's Goods 75 cents, worth 90 cents. Fancy Plaids 60 and 75 cents. worth 90 and $1.25, these are wonderful low prices. Merrimack Calico 4½ cents. Hill yard wide Muslin 8½ cents. Utica 10-4 Sheeting 25 cents. Manchester Ginghams 8 cents., and many other goods equally as low in price. We will

CONTINUE THESE SALES

Only to January 1st, 1883. So come now and you will save 20 per cent.

COATS and DOLMANS A SPECIALTY.

J. F. EVERETT & CO.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1882.

BEINGER & BUMILLER,

Editors and Proprietors.

Local Department.

—THE VERB—TO COME.

I am coming, you are coming, he is coming.

We are coming, you are coming, they are coming—everybody is coming, from Aaronsburg, Woodward, Penn Hall, Spring Mills, Centre Hall, Bellefonte, Rebersburg, Madisonburg, and all the intermediate country. They are coming a-foot, on horse-back, in sulkeys, buggies, carriages, wagons, and *perhaps* even in sleighs and sleds, any way, every way, to the

GREAT CHICKEN, WAFFLE AND OYSTER FESTIVAL

IN THE

TOWN HALL, MILLHEIM,

ON CHRISTMAS AND TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY FOLLOWING.

—All last week the weather was rather cold in this latitude and longitude.

—A large lot of very fine ice was housed last week by those of our citizens who have ice houses.

—As already announced there will be no paper issued nor any job work done at the JOURNAL office next week.

—Don't pass over the revised and reconstructed advertisement of the Bee Hive Store, *Lock Haven*.

—Ye who live in your comfortable, well-warmed and well-furnished houses, do you ever think of the suffering, the poor, the sick and the distressed around you in this inclement season, and do you help and comfort them?

—Mr. J. A. Limbert our accomodating mail carrier on the Coburn—Woodward route hereby informs his many friends and patrons along the line that he will carry packages of almost all kinds and sizes at very reasonable rates. Thanking them for their past favors he respectfully solicits their further patronage.

—Mr. John S. Philips, of McConnell's Grove, Ill., was here last week to see about the "Erbschaft." He is good, solid Pennsylvania German, and kindly gave us a dollar. He left us for Mifflin and Schuylkill county to visit friends.

—Our County Commissioners have this year paid off $20,000 of the county debt, mostly with funds realized from old outstanding taxes. Bravo! That's what we call practical reform. The board of commissioners deserve much credit for good management. Centre county never had a better one.

—M. S. Fiedler, executor, will sell valuable real estate of the late John Hess, deceased, Thursday, Decbr. 28th next. The farm is reputedly the finest and best in Haines township, and the several tracts of timber land are very valuable. Read notice in another column.

—PROF. KURZENKNABE'S Musical Convention and Concert last week, were very successful as far as the performances are concerned. These were of a high order truly, such as smaller towns rarely have the pleasure to enjoy. The attendance, although good, was not what it should have been, principally because the affair struck many of our people at a very busy time.

—Wm. Miller's new smithy near D. A. Musser's foundry, is now complete and ready for business. Mr. Miller is one of the best and most skillful blacksmiths in this section, especially in agricultural implements and machinery. Give him good material and good tools and he will make almost anything, substantial and neat, that can be made out of iron and steel. Custom respectfuly solicited. 2t

—Read D. H. Lenker's advertisement in another column. Mr. Lenker is known as a most excellent mechanic as well as a fair and square man to deal with. If you need furniture of any kind you can do as well right at home as you can by going away. It is good policy to patronise home industry, if you can do as well as elsewhere, and that you surely can in this case. 2t

—The ladies of the Lutheran Mite Society made a most excellent choice when they appointed *Andrew Jackson Harter* commander-in-chief of all their forces during the coming Entertainment siege. Exactly the right man in the right place. We predict that he will achieve as great a victory as did his illustrious namesake down at New Orleans.

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RATES REDUCED TO $2.00 PER DAY.

The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and the different Rail-Road depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

Jos. M. Feger, Proprietor.

TO THE PUPILS OF THE MILLHEIM SCHOOLS

Boys and girls :—

For several years past the JOURNAL STORE gave you little Christmas gifts. The reason the presents were little is because we could not afford to give *big* presents to so many. We expect to give you little presents again on Christmas morning, but in order that the matter may be done orderly the following rules must be strictly observed.

1. Only pupils of our three schools, over six years and under fifteen are invited to come. Those over fifteen would hardly thank us for the little presents we are able to give.

2 You must come between 7½ and 9½ o'clock in the morning. By 10 o'clock *at the latest* the whole business must be over.

3. When you have received your presents you must leave at once and not come again that day—excepting on business or if sent by your parents. We expect many people on Christmas—both customers and visitors—and cannot be annoyed by you all day.

4. You must be civil and orderly while here, else we might "skip" some of you, or shut down altogether.

We have a complete list of your names and ages and no one will be able to run the blockade on us.

—Lots of business in town last Saturday. And besides the general business we had Prof. Kurzenknabe's musical convention and grand concert, the Evangelical quarterly meeting, Dr. Stam's popular auction, Young Harter's sale of mountain land, and last but not least the *spike buck* law suit. Big town, that Millheim. 'Tis for a mackerel fact, as John Chambers used to say.

THE BOSS NUMBER.—This week we put out the best paper, the nearest approach to perfection, ever issued from the JOURNAL office. Look at it, examine the general make up and display; read it, the "leader," locals, selections, advertisements—all, and say yourself whether the MILLHEIM JOURNAL is not entitled to rank among the better class of local newspapers in the state. At least we are *unanimously* of that opinion.

—We have concluded to give our patrons a good supplement this week, because we are obliged to ask them to shift along without the JOURNAL next week, as best they can. On the one page they will find a delightful *Christmas story* of our own get up, printed mostly in "*groszen Frackturbuchstaben*," while the other page is brimful of good reading matter by *other* eminent authors.

—The other day D. A. Musser and J. P. Gephart sold about 2500 acres of timber land situate in Poe Valley to Judge Whitmer of Lewisburg, for the the sum of $40,000.

DEDICATION.

December 31st, instant, *Deo Volente*, chapel of the St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church at Millheim, Pa., will be dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, with appropriate ceremonies. Rev. W. E. Fisher, of Centre Hall, will preach the dedicatory sermon in the morning at ten o'clock. Rev. S. Henry, of Mifflinburg, will preach on Saturday evening previous, also on Sabbath evening, and do the soliciting on Sabbath morning.

JOHN TOMLINSON,
Pastor.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Calvin R. Stam, eldest son of Dr. J. W. Stam, of this place, come home on Friday last to spend the holidays with his friends, but had the misfortune to break his limb the same evening. He was walking along on the sidewalk, which was very icy, slipped and fell. He had a gun in his hand at the time, but for which he thinks he might have saved himself. He suffered considerable pain but is getting along as well can be expected under the circumstances.

FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.—"My son, I have heretofore presented you with a copy of the Holy Bible. If you study only one book let that be the Book, as the truths it contains 'are able to make you wise unto salvation.'

I herewith present you with a copy of the recent edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. If you study only two books let this be the other, as it is not only a dictionary unsurpassed in spelling, pronunciation and definition of words, but is also an encyclopedia of information in its Vocabularies of persons and places noted in Fiction, Scripture, Greek, Latin, and Geographical Names, Biographical Dictionary, Quotations, Pictorial Illustrations, &c., make it a book to which you will have occasion frequently to refer during life."—*Rev. J. J. Scherer, A. M., President Marion Female College. July* 11, 1882.

—CHRISTMAS will be celebrated by the Reformed Sunday School of Aaronsburg on next Saturday evening at 7 o'clock.

The service will consist of devotional and the antiphenal reading of Scripture prophecies and their fullfillment, concerning the birth of Christ. These exercises will be plentifully interspersed with Christmas chants and anthems, under the leadership of Prof. Wm. T. Meyer.

The church will be decorated, a treat given to the children and a collection lifted for the benefit of the orphan.

It promises to be a pleasant occasion. All are invited.

***

OFFICERS OF THE CENTRE COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—President, ex-officio, D. M. Wolf; Vice Presidents, D. M. Lieb, Miss Rose De Woodie; Secretary, Henry Keller; Ass't Secretary, F. F. Jamison; Committee on Per. Certificates, Henry Meyer, C. L. Gramly, E C. Emerick, A. D. Houtz, Miss Sallie Meek; Supt. of Enrollment, J. C. Meyer.

Rev. E. E. Higbee, D. D., Superintendent of Public Instruction, will attend the Institute. Thursday, the 28th, will be Directors' day, and our worthy County Superintendent very much desires the presence of as many Directors as can come to hear Dr. Higbee.

—Ex-Recorder Tobias has again made his home among us for the present. Thinks Millheim is about as good a place to stay as can conveniently be found.

—James D. Luse moved into his new house last Thursday. That's business. The advantages of having an *own* home are so great and many that every young married man should bend all his energies to secure one as soon as his circumstances permit.

—REPORT of Millheim primary school for the month ending Nov. 23rd.

Pupils—male 27—female 24—total 51.

Average attendance per day—male 25—female 22—total 47.

Per cent. of attendance—male 93—female 92—total 95

Mary E. Strohm,
Teacher.

—FREEBURG, in Snyder county has perhaps the best musical home talent of any town of its size in the state—or to speak more exactly the Freeburgers pay more attention to the cultivation of music than most other towns. The Philharmonic Society of that place will give a grand musical convention beginning on Christmas. Prof. W. O. Perkins, a celebrated musician from Boston, will conduct the convention, and we are pleased to add that our friend Prof. Wm. T. Meyer, of Aaronsburg, has also been engaged as pianist.

—The Bellefonte *Democrat* pays the JOURNAL a very neat compliment for an article we published the other week, while the Centre Hall *Reporter*, our *nearest* neighbor, after maliciously perverting what we did say, expresses its utter contempt over the same article.

Well, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the contempt between the JOURNAL and the *Reporter* is *mutual*. But is it not

"Strange that such difference there should be,
'Twixt tweedle—dum and tweedle—deer"

—The other week we bought some clothing at Lewin's Philadelphia Branch Clothing House, Bellefonte, and embraced the opportunity to look through the mammoth establishment. It is really a big concern, whether we consider the spacious store room or the immense stock of goods on hand. In the clothing line proper you will find simply everything, from an overcoat down to a garter, that men wear either for use or show. Overcoats and suits are especially fine and cheap. Besides clothing Mr. Lewin keeps a full line of trunks, satchels, umbrellas, &c. We know of no better place to buy than the Philadelphia Branch. They understand their business thoroughly and know how to treat their customers. Try them if you never did before. 2t

The Millheim Journal makes its usual annual announcement—two months democratic and ten months neutral—boldly too, "even at the risk of having its party orthodoxy called into question."

Never mind about the doxy, good fellow, but who'd take care of the party in the next ten months? Guess when supper is on the Journal man will be on hand for lunch and full wages.—*Reporter*.

Why, the "*Official paper and largest in the county*" published in a town of "800 *population, on Lewisburg, Centre & Tyrone R. R.*," with its tremendous circulation, ought certainly to be able to take care of that little job—of course.

"Unser Fritz" seems to have been *spiling* for a fight with the JOURNAL, all summer. To use a common figure he has been strutting around us this long time like an impudent little Bantam cock, with a chip on his hat. Guess we must accommodate him some of these days. Not now, though, we are otherwise too much engaged. After the holidays—perhaps—unless in the meantime he should take the improbable notion to improve his crude manners and learn something of the amenities of JOURNALISM.

A KIND WORD TO OUR PATRONS.—Friends:—We have not asked you for money in this public way for a long time, and are therfore the more free to do so now. We need funds to carry on our business and to support those dependent on us. The business of publishing a paper is very different from almost any other. Expenses are regular, constant—all the time. For example if our paper is all we cannot wait in buying a new supply until some body takes the notion to pay his account. We must have a certain fixed quantity every week. The same is true of other material, wages, rent, fuel and contingencies. All these expenses we can meet and still have a little margin left for our own work if our subscribers pay us regularly every year.

When we reduced the subscription prices of the JOURNAL from $1 50 to $1.00, it was a risky experiment, but we are now satisfied that it was a good one. We can afford to publish the JOURNAL at that price if paid yearly, although we know of but one paper in Central Pennsylvania that does the same thing, and that is our respected namesake, the *Philipsburg Journal*.

Now then, friends, we have said our say and don't expect to do so soon again. You will come to Millheim, of course, sometime during the holidays Don't forget the printer, and if you are flush and can do it as well as not, we will not refuse a year's advance payment. It will make us feel so happy and you will get the benefit of it all in an *improved* paper.

MARRIED.

On the 12th inst., at the residence of Mr. Reuben Gramley, in Miles township, by Rev. A. K. Zimmerman, Mr. George W. Ocker, of Middle Creek, Snyder Co., and Miss Dellie M. Gramly, of Centre Co., Pa.

DIED.

On the 12th inst., in Congress township, Wayne county, Ohio, Mr. George Hubler, formerly of this county.

On the 15th inst., at Treasler Orphans' Home, Loysville, Pa., Edgar Geiswelt, son of W. C. & Rebecca Hosterman, aged 11 years, 3 months and 4 days.

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday

Wheat, old	
" new, No. 2	
" " No. 3	75
Corn	50
Rye	40
Oats White	
Buckwheat	
Flour	5.00
Bran & Shorts, per ton	25 00
Salt, per Bri	1.75
Plaster, ground	9.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	50
Tymothyseed	1.75
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	
Butter	28
Hams	16
Sides	12
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	28
Potatoes	40
Lard	12
Tallow	
Soap	6
Dried Apples	
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET AT COBURN.

Egg Coal	$5.00
Stove "	5.25
Chestnut	5.00
Pea	3.50
Pea by the car load	3.20

Fifty cents per ton additional when delivered in Millheim.

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If you are advised that your invention is patentable, send $20, to pay Government fee of $15 and $5 for drawings required by the Government. This is payable when application is made. When allowed, the attorney's fee ($25) and the final Government fee ($20) is payable. An attorney whose fee depends on his success in obtaining a Patent will not advise you that your invention is patentable unless it really is, so far as his best judgement can determine; hence, you can rely on the advise given after a preliminary examination is had. DESIGN, PATENTS and the REGISTRATION OF LABELS, TRADE MARKS, AND RE-ISSUES secured. CAVEATS prepared and filed. Applications in revivor of REJECTED, ABANDONED, or FORFEITED CASES made. If you have undertaken to secure your own patent and failed, a skillful handling of the case may lead to success. Send me a written request addressed to the Commissioner of Patents that he recognize GEORGE E. LEMON, of Washington, D. C. as your attorney in the case, giving the title of the invention and about the date of your application. An examination and report *will cost you nothing*. Remember, this office has been in successful operation since 1865, and reference can be given to actual clients in almost every county in the U. S. Pamphlet relating to Patents free upon requrst.

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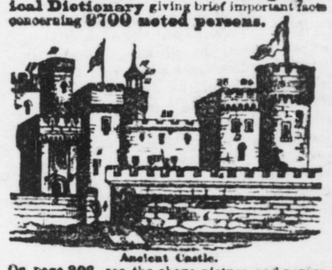

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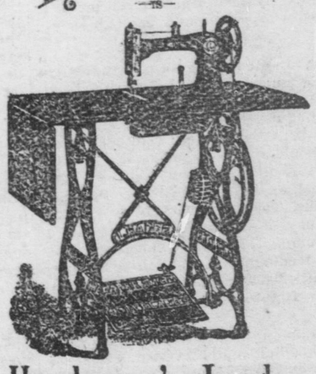

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AGRICULTURE,

PASTURE.—It is amazing how slowly better methods of farming are carried into effect. After all the discussion upon the value of the pasture and the best methods of management, during the past ten years, one may ride upon the cars for a hundred miles and scarcely see a pasture with full feed. In nearly every field the cattle are wandering about to pick up the crumbs, are looking wishfully towards the corn fields, and in places are commencing to eat into the hay and the straw stacks. Under proper management stock should do better in October and November than in July and August. The flies are gone, cool weather has sharpened the appetite, and the tendency of the animal is to store for winter. Every consideration of thrift demands that the best of attention be given the stock at this time.

What is meant by a good fall pasture? Possibly some farmers never saw one. It means a pasture that has, on the first day of October, at least one ton of blue grass, clover and timothy per acre, and can be secured on rich land by removing all stock after July 15th, and, on poorer land, after June 15th.

Generally it is better to remove the stock by middle of June. Farmers may say, "We cannot afford to let our land lie idle through the summer." There is no loss by so doing, but a great gain. Land treated in this way produces much more grass during the season than when denuded during the heat of summer. The well-known farmer, Robert Miller, of West Liberty, in a recent convetsation, claimed that it was a good plan to allow a pasture to remain ungrazed during an entire season once in four or five years, and gave an instance in his experience to prove it. In case separate pastures can not be provided the next best thing is to graze only about two-thirds the customary stock.

Allow the grass in the fore part of the season to grow faster than the stock can eat it. In such cases a portion of the field will be kept short and the other allowed to grow. In August and September be dry, as in the present year, the abundance of grass will protect the roots and maintain a continuous growth, securing thrift to the herd. Of course this is not quite equal to separate pastures, for a portion of the field will be eaten closely, to its detriment. Under this more careful treatment pastures continue to produce more every year.

Another important consideration. As now grazed the surface of the soil becomes dry and hard, the variety of grasses is greatly diminished and the quality of such as remain is inferior. They become stinted and hard and by no means the same luscious grass the cattle formerly devoured so greedily.

THE purpose in straining milk is to make it cleaner than it was before straining, but the object is often poorly accomplished. In private dairies this work is usually better performed than when it goes to factories. When a large number of persons are all putting milk into one common reservoir the weight of personal accountability loses much of its force from the increased difficulty of tracing home faults to their origin. On this account the patrons of factories sometimes omit entirely to strain milk at all at the farm. They leave this operation to be performed at the factory. All the hans and dust and dirt, and the crystallized accumulation from insensible perspiration, which are all the time forming upon the udder, as well as the rest of the surface of cows, and which are always working off during the process of milking, and finding their way especially into broad-topped pails, remain in the warm milk to soak and become soluble by the time the milk reaches the factory. No matter how neat the factory may be, it cannot get out what has been already dissolved by the agitation of the milk on its journey to the factory, often several miles distant.

WE know of no better way to preserve cabbages through the winter than that which we have recommended for a number of years. It is to plant or set them up in rows as they grow—that is, with the roots down—fill in with soil pretty freely, then make a covering by planting two posts where there is a fence to rest on, or four where there is not allowing for a pitch to carry off the water, lay bean poles opposite the way of the pitch and cover with cornfodder and straw or boards. In using through the winter avoid, as much as possible, the sunside, and close up again. We have not found that setting the cabbage upside-down in the rows, as many do, is of any advantage, as we have kept ours for more than twenty years in the same way we mention, in a sound, perfect condition through the winter into spring, and even up to the first of May if desirable. We see other methods recommended and they may answer just as well, but as to our own we speak from a long experience.

BEEVES.—In feeding for beef, the notions of each animal should be consulted—his preferences, likes and dislikes. The object of feeding usually is to get the animal to eat all that he will digest well; hence a variety should always be at hand, and the ration varied by feeding cooked, soaked or dry meal, as the case may be. with hay and roots. Take great care not to over-feed and in case of over-feeding, let starvation be the cure. Thus the animal will soon take to feeding again, but will be less likely to fall off much in flesh, than if physicked. Nature is the best physician.

FARMERS in the United States have $12,210,253,316 of capital invested in their business. Of this amount the value of farms is placed at $10,196 899 645; farm implements at $408,416 902; live stock, $500,832,317; fertilizers, $28,587,856, and fences, $79,765,723. From this enormous sum it is estimated that nearly $100,000,000 is annually collected in taxation for the support of the local and National Governments and purposes of education. The total contribution or production to be credited to the farmer foots up in round numbers to $2,500,000,000.

FOR several after a farmer began raising wheat he could not get the yield higher than twentythree bushels per acre, although the land was rich enough to raise large crops of grass, corn and potatoes. The wheat was top dressed with rotten manure but still the yield was no greater. Then the two-horse sulky cultivators came around. He bought one and used it freely in connection with the harrow and roller, and the next year, without any manure, his wheat yield jumped up ten bushels per acre.

OF the different races of the honey bee the German, or black bee is the most numerous, though it is not older than the Italians, which were known to the ancients several hundred years before the Christians, and are mentioned by Aristotle and Virgil. The Egyptian, Carniolan, Cyprian, and Javan bees are but little known in this country, the Italian being the favorite because of its docility, activity and captivating beauty.

A FARCE seeing man: One who believes that life is only folly.

DOMESTIC.

PROCESS FOR DOING SHIRTS.—On wash day when you are ready to hang up the shirts make some good hot starch, not thick, and drop a small piece of spermaceti in while it boils and rub the starch in good. Let them get perfectly dry and starch them in cold starch. Then let them lie about two hours before ironing. You must have two boards, one with something soft wraped around and another hard board with a thin piece of muslin tacked on tight. Then you need a polishing iron, which can be had by taking a three-pound iron to the blacksmith and have him grind the heel off. Put some white wax in under a piece of thick letter paper on a small board and rub the iron on that. After you have ironed the shirt as nicely as you can on the regular bosom board, then you take the hard board and put the bosom on it. Then dip a coarse cloth in cold water and wring it out dry and rub all over the bosom lightly. Take your polishing iron and rubbing it first over the waxed paper then over a cloth, iron crosswise of the bosom with the heel. Iron the collars and cuffs the same way. All this takes time to tell and time to fix at first, but it will last a long time if you fix things good, a year at least.

HOW TO MAKE ROSE WATER.—Whoever possesses plenty of roses can make this perfume at slight expense. Gather the roses while free from dew, and put them into a two-gallon glass jar. Then take a two-ounce bottle and put it in the mouth of the jar, so that it will fit closely, and cut some pieces of perfectly clean sponge (that has been boiled to free it from sand and grit) into narrow strips, and soak them in the purest olive oil or Lucca oil. Cottonseed oil will do if free from any odor. The oil must be perfectly sweet and fresh or it will spoil the perfume. Place the sponge inside the vial, and turn it upside down in the mouth of jar, and put it in the hottest sunshine for four or five days. The heat will distil the rose leaves, and the aroma will rise and saturate the oil in the sponge. Throw away the leaves when they are dry and fill the jar as long as the roses last, and when the bits of sponge are thoroughly saturated squeeze out the oil, or you can leave them in the vial and keep it closely corked. A drop or two of this oil will perfume several ounces of alcohol.

FROGS.—The hind legs only are used. They are such a delicacy that it is a pity not to prepare them nicely and serve them done to a turn, crisp, and hot. Throw them into slightly acidulated salted boiling water and let them boil about three minutes. Then take them out and drain and dry them well. Season them with pepper and salt, roll them in cracker or bread crumbs, and then in beaten eggs, again in crumbs, and let them color nicely in boiling lard. The crumbs should be removed from the bones before they are fried. Sometimes they are served with little paper frills curled round the bones, and they are generally arranged in a circle upon a hot platter surrounding green peas.

THERE is likely to be a revolution in chinaware if a new process recently patented is successful. This is for printing designs in colors upon china and glass, and it will lessen the expense of decorating china very considerably. The principle is the same as that of printing upon other materials, but hitherto painting upon china has been all done by hand, and has needed trained colorers as well as designers. By the new method the most elaborate designs can be printed off by young girls, and any number can be produced in fac simile.

CORN AND TOMATOES.—One of my neighbors thinks that dried sweet corn is a poor dish in comparison with salted corn. She cuts her corn from the cob and packs it in jars, a layer of salt on the bottom, on the top, and all the way through. When cooked first soak the salt out of the corn. She also finds tomatoes very delicious, indeed, to fry them in slices in beef suet, pack them in jars and fill up with hot suet. In winter take out and warm up—ripe tomatoes, of course.

THE common practice of having night lights in the bed-rooms of children of well-to-do parents is deprecated by Dr. Bakewell. He says that it has a most injurious effect upon the nervous system of young children. "Instead of the perfect rest the optic nerves ought to have, and which nature provides for by darkness of the night, these nerves are perpetually stimulated, and, of course, the brain and the rest of the nervous system suffer. Children thus brought up are excessively timid for years after on going into the dark.

To keep water lilies fresh for table decoration, place them, not in a vase, but in a wide bowl or dish, half filled with water. Cut away the stems until only two inches are left, arrange a few lily pads on the water surface, and let the lilies float on these as they do in their native ponds. Darkness closes their petals, so they should be kept in a bright place, where there is plenty of light.

PICCALILLI.—One peck of green tomatoes, one teacupful grated horseradish, four green peppers sliced, six onions chopped fine, one pint of white mustard seed, one tablespoonful each of ground cloves and ground allspice, one cup of brown sugar, about three pints of vinegar, salt and pepper. Boil twenty minutes, and then add vinegar and a little chopped cabbage.

THE best way to prepare a new iron kettle for use, is to fill it with clean potato peelings, boil them for an hour or more, then wash the kettle with hot water, wipe it dry and rub it with a little lard; repeat the rubbing for half a dozen times after using. In this way you will prevent rust and all the annoyances liable to occur in the use of a new kettle.

POTATOES warmed in this way are excellent for supper with cold meat: Put a lump of butter in a frying-pan, with half a cup of sweet cream, salt and pepper enough to season the potatoes, and a little parsley chopped fine. Take cold boiled potatoes and cut them in small pieces or in slices, and when the butter has melted stir them in. Let them heat gradually and boil for four or five minutes, and then serve.

TO PRESERVE SWEET CORN.—Boil the corn on the ear from three to five minutes, then slice off, being careful not to cut too close to the cob, pack down in a stone jar, allowing three pints of corn to one pint of salt, put in, in layers. When wanted for use, soak over night to freshen. Corn put up in this way late in the season will keep nice and fresh all winter.

HUMOROUS.

SHE couldn't resist that: There was no probability that she would marry him, this fair daughter of the South, with her haughty air and classic Tennesseean face, so she frankly told him so at once. "But hear me through," he passionately implored. "I have not enumerated all my claims upon your favorable consideration. This very afternoon I met Colonel Bungstarter on the street and shot him down in his tracks." "You are not deceiving me?" asked the lovely creature, eagerly. "If you doubt me, hasten to the neighboring drug store. Four doctors are already there picking the buckshot out of him." "This is too heroic," cried the girl, with enthusiasm, and when she lifted her sunny curls from his shoulder five minutes later she had promised to wed him ere the crocuses bloomed again.

***They who cry loudest are not always the most hurt." Kidney-Wort does its work like the Good Samaritan, quickly, unostentatiously, but with great thoroughness. A New Hampshire lady writes: "Mother has been afflicted for years with kidney diseases. Last Spring she was very ill and had an alarming pain and numbness in one side, Kidney-Wort proved a great blessing and has completely cured her.

☞No woman really practices economy unless she uses the Diamond Dyes. Many dollars can be saved every year. Ask the druggist.

CAPACITY of the Chicago stockings: "Papa," said a gushing young damsel of Chicago, "I want you to give me this Christmas a seatskin sack and muff, a pair of diamond ear-rings, that beautiful writing-desk we were looking at the other day and bushels of French candy. Will you, papa?" and the dear thing's eyes danced in glowing anticipation, while her feet beat a tatto on the velvet carpet that sounded like muffled thunder. "Ah, my dear child," replied the proud father, as he gazed at his daughter with a pensive, upward-tendency-in-pork look, "indeed I will. Just hang your stocking up in the back yard and I will fill it for you, darling, if I have to chuck in a house and lot."

Did She Die?

"No; she lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years, the "doctors doing her no good; and at last "was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers "say so much about. Indeed! indeed! "how thankful we should be for that me-"dicine."

A BOY walked into an office on Larned street west yesterday with a pocket-book in his hand and inquired if Mr. Blank was in.

"That's my name," replied one of the gentlemen.

"Well, here's a wallet with your name in it."

"Yes. I lost it this morning."

He received it, and the boy started down stairs, but was halted by the call:

"Say, boy, what's your name?'

"Oh, that's all right," replied the boy as he backed down. "Tain't worth your saying I'm an honest boy and offering me ten cents for my trouble, for there was only fifty cents in the wallet, and ma used that to buy some soap and a new clothes-line."

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO LIVE.

From John Kuhn, Lafayette, Ind., who announces that he is now in "perfect health," we have the following: "One year ago I was, to all appearance, in the last stages of Consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, which considerably benefited me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine.

DR. DEWITT C. KELLINGER'S LINIMENT is an infallible cure for Rheumatism, Strains, Lameness and Diseases of the Scalp, and for promoting the growth of the Hair.

"WHAT are you going to do after you leave college?" as the friend of a senior whose day of graduation was at hand. "Well," responded the senior, "I don't quite know as yet, but I think I shall take orders." This was about two years ago, and now, as the quondam senior rides about in a cart as a wholesale grocer's third assistant deputy, and notes in a book the wants of customers, and then comes around again later in the day and relieves them, he smiles grimly as he thinks that the irony of fate, like that of some newspaper paragraphers, is occasionally expressed in puns.

Mensman's Peptonized beef tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by all druggists.

SOMEWHAT subdued: "Say, Thompson," said Pete Bigelow to a friend last Tuesday, "don't it look as though Sile Difenderfer was kinder subdued like?" "Subdued!" replied Thompson. "Well, I should say yes. That's a very quiet family just now—that of Difenderfer's.' "How so?" "Why, you see, Sile kissed his mother-in-law on the back stairs the other evening, mistaking her for the hired girl."

"BUCHU-PAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists. FOR THICK HEADS, heavy stomachs, biliousness—Wells' "May Apple Pills. 10 and 25c.

To the health of a dead duke: A reporter while chatting with an old soldier of Hibernian nationality yesterday ascertained that the latter had assisted at the funeral of the hero of Waterloo at London in 1852. "I suppose a large body of military paraded st Wellington's funeral?" asked the scribe. "Yis, indade, and whin it was over we resaved a shillin' apiece to dhrink the Duke's health;" was the reply.

Allen's Brain Food.

Cures Nervous Debility and Weaknes of Generative Organs, $1 all druggists Send for circular. Allen's Pharmacy 313 First av. N. Y.

BEN FRANKLIN said that soft words butter no parsnips, but they have helped elect many a man to office for all that.

Don't fail to read the twenty dollar Sewing Machine advertisement of C. A Wood & Co., then send for a circular.

IT is not the cheese to ask: "Will you love me when I'm mold?"

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Vapors of Metals.—M. Eugene Demarcay has recently obtained volatilization at much lower temperatures by diminishing the pressure of the gas by which they are surrounded. His apparatus consists of a crystal tube 12 centimeters in diameter, containing the metal and closed at its extremities. The heating is effected by vapors of sulphur, mercury; aniline, water, and other substances, giving temperatures ranging from 440 degrees Cent. to 100 degrees Cent. The vacuum is obtained by a Sprengel pump, and the tube is then heated in the vapors mentioned, at the same time the pump is worked. A flue U tube, which enters the crystal tube until its bend is about two centimeters from the piece of metal, is traversed by a current of cold water and serves to condense the volatilized metal. When the heat is applied a cospiderably quantity of vapor is given off, and this condenses rapidly on the bend of the cold water pipe forming a dark deposit, which in time acquires a metallic tinge. Cadmium, zinc, antimony, bismuth, lead, and tin have been volatilized in this way, at temperatures of 160 deg. Cent., 184 deg. Cent., 292 deg. (antimony and bismuth), and 360 deg. Cent. (lead and tin) respectively. At higher temperatures the deposits are more abundant; but M. Demarcay has not proved any volatilization at inferior temperatures to those given. He does not doubt, however, that volatilization at lower temperatures does exist; but it is masked by the formation of a thin layer of suboxide of a deep color, which is less volatile than the metal itself. In such cases the metallic sublimation begins after this protective skin is broken.

Coal oil or Petroleum may be very nice for illuminating or lubricating purposes, but surely it is not the proper thing to cure a cough with. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is looked upon as the standard Cough remedy.

Among the many unexpected developments of electrical science is an application in the hiving of bees when they swarm, successfully tried by German experimenters. It was thought that by utilizing the electric force the bees might be stupefied for the necessary period of time without being injured, and the result proved the correctness of the idea. The first attempt was made upon bees that had gathered upon trees, the insects falling upon the ground in a kind of trance which admitted of their being handled safely. The next stage in the experiment was to capture the bees when they were about to swarm. By introducing the ends of two connecting wires into a fully-occupied honeycomb and turning on the current, the bees were rendered inactive for about thirty minutes, while no bad results appeared to follow their awakening.

Vegetine

WILL CURE RHEUMATISM.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 14, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:—

Dear Sir,—I wish to inform you what VEGETINE has done for my family. Eighteen months ago my daughter had a severe attack of *Rheumatism*, and a friend who had used the VEGETINE advised her to try it, and she did so with perfect success, for after using a few bottles of it she became entirely cured. I am myself, at the present time, using the VEGETINE for *Rheumatism* with good success. My other daughter has also used the VEGETINE for *Catarrh* and *Nervous Debility*, and has been greatly benefitted by its use. I have also recommended it to many others with good success; and I honestly believe that the VEGETINE is the best medicine for the above-named diseases that there is, and I always wish to keep it in my house as a family medicine.

K. A. KISTLER,
No. 14 West Fulton St., Columbus, O.

Rheumatism is a Disease of the Blood.

The blood in this cease, is found to contain an excess of *fibrin*. VEGETINE acts by converting the blood from its diseased condition to a healthy circulation. One bottle of VEGETINE will give relief, but to effect a permanent cure it must be taken regularly, and may take several bottles, especially in cases of long standing.

A Family Medicine.

CINCINNATI, O., April 11, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.

Dear Sir,—I have been troubled and suffered a great deal from *Catarrh*. I have tried many remedies; they did not cure me, and benefitted me but very little; and, dear sir, by using your medicine called the VEGETINE I have been cured. My niece was cured entirely of *Rheumatism* by using your medicine, VEGETINE, so she is able to attend to her studies at school. She feels very thankful for your medicine, for she has been a great sufferer from *Rheumatism*. I would say to one and all, try the VEGETINE for such complaints. A few bottles will cure you. With respect, yours truly,

DAVID ARNET,
ELIZABETH ARNET (his wife),
125 Bayonville St.
JESSIE CORT (his niece),
Everett St., Cincinnati, O.

MR. ARNET is a large real estate owner, a wealthy man, an old resident, and well known in Cincinnati.

VEGETINE has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

PILES ANAKESIS

Dr. S. Silsbee's External Pile Remedy

Gives instant relief and is an infallible CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF PILES. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price, $1.00 per box *prepaid* by mail. Samples sent *free* to Physicians and all sufferers, by P. Neustaedter & Co., Box 3046, New York City. Sole manufacturers of "*Anakesis*."

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and

LIVER

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

Dr. LINDSEYS' BLOOD SEARCHER

Nothing in the world equal to it for the cure of Scrofula, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Old Sores, Sore Eyes, Mercurial Diseases, Catarrh, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and all Blood diseases. It never fails. All druggists and country store keepers sell it. H. E. Sellers & Co., Prop's, Pittsburgh, on every bottle.

POLITICAL misfortune: "But how did you happen to lose the nomination? A majority of the delegates were in favor of you and everybody supposed you would be a candidate." "So did I, and it was all owing to a certain man being taken unexpectedly ill." "What man?" "The man I hired to get the boss drunk."

A Fatal Mistake.

would be not to take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" if you are bilious, suffering from impure blood, or fearing consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs). Sold by all druggists.

A COUNTRY editor's crown jewels: The only crown jewels that a country editor will ever wear will be the beads of perspiration which adorn his classic brow when he gets through wrestling with the hand-press after working off his whole edition.

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

ASSOCIATION of ideas: "That was a powerful sermon the dominie preached this morning," said old Farmer Furrow to his wife as they sat at the dinner table yesterday. "Deed it was," replied she; "but do you know, John, every time the parson spoke of the golden calf that them 'ere heathens worshipped I couldn't help thinking of you and the brindle heifer what you won't sell for love or money?"

Functional derangement of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's" Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health and strength. By all druggists.

"LOOK at Kate Green, mother!" "Yes; she has carried her love of the antique so far as to take old Mr. Jones for a husband."

***He who is ready to buy up his enemies will never want a supply of them. It is cheaper to buy a true friend in Kidney-Wort who will drive away those miserable enemies, a torpid liver, constipation, diabetes, piles, diseased kidneys and bowels. This remedy is now prepared in liquid as well as in dry form.

☞The wonders of modern chemistry are apparent in the beautiful Diamond Dyes. All kinds and colors of ink can be made from them.

A DEFINITION: "Pa, what is an employment agent?" "Why, my son, he is man who is very anxious to get work for others to do. He himself doesn't want any."

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15th, 1880.

GENTLEMEN—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in despair until I tried your Bitters. I am now well, able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it, I was completely prostrated.

MRS. MARY STUART.

A PAPER speaks of a man who "died without the aid of a doctor," and says that "such instances of death are very rare."

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*Ladies of all ages who suffer from loss of appetite, from imperfect digestion, low spirits and nervous debility may have life and health renewed and indefinitely extended by the use of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies for all complaints incident to the female constitution. We have not only a living faith in Mrs. Pinkham, but we are assured that her medicines are at once most agreeable and efficacious.

"I'm going through the dark valet," was the moral reflection of the highwayman as he plundered the black coachman.

Thousands Speak.—Vegetine is acknowledged and recommended by physicians and apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

AN engaged girl is happiest when she is telling about it to another girl who is not engaged and is not likely to be.

THERE is a man in Egnland who gained over fifty pounds in one week. He bet on the winning horse.

Everybody is pleased with the improved Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum. It is as clear and limpid as spring water, and was originally intended by nature as a panacea for all diseases of the scalp and skin, and as a natural hair renewer.

DID Richard III. explain. "Give me another horse!" because he was tired of the night-mare he had been riding.

THE difference between a dandy and a fat hog—one is dressed to kill and the other is killed to dress.

Nothing is uglier than crooked boots, straighten them with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners.

THE starch-makers in the West are proposing to combine, the object being, of course, to stiffen the price.

THE comet has a head 24,000 miles long. It ought to know pretty well what it is doing.

See advertisement headed "How to Live" in another column.

The mirror of the Leverrier telescope, more than one metre in diameter, has been silvered anew, says Nature, by a process used for the first time with great success. A kind of circular wall in gutta percha and plaster was built, so that a trough was made with the concave mirror forming the bottom. This space was filled up by the silvering solution, and the operation was terminated as usual by the Foucault process. The trouble of turning over the glass, which weighs six hundred kilograms, was thus saved. This success is all the more to be appreciated because the mirror must be silvered every two or three years. The curvature of the mirror not being quite perfect, it will be used mostly for spectrum analysis of the light emanating from planets.

A Costly Tomb.—Among the splendid tombs, in Agra, in India, is that of the wife of Shah-ge-han, which employed twenty thousand artists and workmen for twenty two years. It is of black and white marble and has three platforms, with four towers, and a magnificent dome.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston *Globe.*]

Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are *the best in the world* for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. (2) Mrs. A. M. D.

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF

CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Old fashionable remedies are rapidly giving ground before the advance of this conquering specific, and old fashioned ideas in regard to depletion as a means of cure, have been quite exploded by the success of the great renovant, which tones the system, tranquilizes the nerves, neutralizes malaria, depurates and enriches the blood, rouses the liver when dormant, and promotes a regular habit of body.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

The Bad and Worthless.

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SUMMER LODGINGS.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting.
Waiting for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;
Summer comes yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away.
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Well, well, I wish you'd make haste and decide," said Mr. Worthington, a trifle testily, to his deliberating wife and daughter.

Mr. Worthington, who had worked his way from a country farmhouse to a Westend mansion, though proud of his aristocratic wife and daughter, feebly resented this annual outlay, and was inclined to ill-temper accordingly.

"I suggest Brighton," said Miss Worthington, whose emphasis on the pronoun seemed to seal the suggestion.

"Or Hastings," sighed mamma, reflectively.

"No," coolly vetoed Cordelia," "we've been there so often.

"Now let me see."

And heedless of irate papa's impatience, she fell to meditating.

"What shall we do with Bert?" she questioned, carelessly looking up, as though Bert were a superfluous piece of furniture, scarcely worth the price of storage.

"Leave her at home with Miss Mills,' said her mother promptly.

"A child like that should not neglect her studies for amusement."

As papa stood on the hearthrug, dangling his gold seals and inwardly fuming, there was the ripple of a light laugh without the oaken doors of the breakfast-room; then a quick rush downstairs—the last three cleared with a leap—a rapid turn of the handle, and startling all, flushed, panting, laughing, a slim young figure burst into the room.

"Bertha!"

Mamma's voice was stern with dignified reproof.

"Beg pardon, all!

"I thought breakfast was over.

"Hector and I were having a run in the yard, you know.

"How he barked!

"Did you hear him, Cordelia?

"And when I went upstairs, there was Hector behind me, and—"

"We are not interested in the exploits of your canine companion," interrupted her elder sister's smooth tones.

"We were discussing something more important."

"Oh!" Bertie said, apologetically, feeling slightly crushed, and still standing with her back against the door.

The keen May sunshine showed the two faces — Cordelia's regular-featured, pale, proud-lipped, with light-blue eyes, and masses of dim-gold hair coiled smoothly behind her head; and Bertie's—well, not exactly pretty, but infinitely more charming than that of the acknowledged beauty of the family,

Her long, thick hair was blown into loose waves by the cool morning wind; her eyes were shining; her cheeks as bright as wild poppies.

"It shall be Brighton," decided Cordelia, rising, at last.

"Going to Brighton?" cried Bertie, the irrepressible.

"Why don't you go to West Row?"

"West Row," scornfully.

"Where is West Row?"

And she condescended to look at her younger sister as she said it.

"Why, don't you know—really?

"It's the place where Cousin Samantha lives.

"Way out in the country somewhere."

"What a lucid explanation," sneeringly.

"'Way out in the country somewhere!' Well, we do not purpose spending the summer in a common farmhouse, with country boors for associates——"

"Cordelia!"—the fresh, young voice rang out in indignant reproof—"you ought to be ashamed of yourself,

"If it is a common farmhouse, it was good enough for papa, and ought to surely be good enough for us,

"Country boors!

"I just wish some of your languid nonentities from the Æsthetic Club were half such thorough gentlemen, that's all,"

"Bravo, Bert!

"You're your father's daughter, every inch of you," cried Caleb Worthington's voice, in ringing approval.

"It's the jolliest old place under the sun, if it is a common farmhouse, and I'll take you down there this June.

"See if I don't."

And, surprised into forgetting his pomposity, he caught his favorite in his arms and gave her a sounding kiss.

"Will you?

"Do you mean it?"

"Mean it?

"Blest if I don't!

"But I say, Bert," as the others uplliftedly left the room, "what made you take up the cudgels for the West Row boys?

"Was it," quizzically pinching a warm velvet cheek—"was it because of the lad I introduced to you in my office last September?

"A deuced fine fellow, eh?

"Were you thinking of him, Miss Diplomacy?"

But, blushing furiously, Bert shook her head with suspiciously emphatic decision, and, slipping from her father's arm, ran out of the room.

So, when city aristocrats were crowding to the green gloomy of forest solitudes, or the crush and glitter of a fashionable watering-place, the names of Mrs. and Miss Worthington appeared upon the hotel register of the Royal Hotel, Brighton.

And the same day Caleb Worthington took a long glorious holiday, and carried Bertie off to his native town—a straggling world-forgotten little place among the hills.

And in the long scented summer days that followed, the girl grew to love everything animate and inanimate round Poppy Farm.

One evening she loitered in the great sloping gardens before the verandahed green shuttered house.

Such gardens!

Not the painfully regular Dutch diagrams we city folks boast—prim, concise, boxhedge—but whole sheets of color, fragrant, luxuriant, bloomful.

A gentleman passing, young, good-looking, grey-clad, paused suddenly outside the low rustic fence.

A moment more and he had vaulted over and was standing, bareheaded, at Bertie's side.

"Miss Worthington, may I hope I am not forgotten?"

"Mr. Carlyn!"

She held out a little tanned hand, a hot glow kindling under the big straw gardening-hat.

"I have been absent from West Row some time," he said, looking quizzically at the bright changeful face under the shadow hat; "but Mrs. Dent and I are very old friends.

"So being terribly behind-hand in my visits to Poppy Farm, I intend now to take advantage of the weather and atone for my neglect."

Somehow Bertie fell to thinking that night, as she sat in the shadow of the rosy chintz curains, of Cordelia's last scornful words—

"I suppose you'll have some country admirers in that almost mythical West Row, but don't lose your heart, Bertie.

"They're all the same, these rustic beaux awkward, blushing, stupid."

And then she thought of Reuben Carlyn's easy courteous manner, his quiet gentlemanly grace-

"And if Mr. Carlyn is a country farmer, Mr. Moon," said Bertie coolly, apostrophizing the placid smiling face in the sky above her, "I—well, I don't really dislike country farmers, that's all.'

And three days later she wrote Cordelia a long recrossed letter, saying she was going to marry a West Row boy and live in West Row for ever."

And Cordelia replied frigidly that they had always known (Bertie) would disgrace the family.

"You don't mind being a farmer's wife, pet?" Reuben questioned eagerly.

"Mind?

"Of course I mind, sir.

"But when there is no other way of satisfying a troublesome boy——

"By-the-way, when shall I see the farm?"

"Soon, my darling."

Caleb Worthington chuckled and laughed as he read Cordelia's letter.

"Pack up, Bertie; we must be home as soon as mamma.

"Our pleasant holiday is over.

"Don't look so forlorn, little one, Carlyn's coming up too."

It was evening when the trio reached the city.

The carriage rolled through the fashionable thoroughfares and stopped before a great mansion.

Lights gleamed from within, lace curtains fluttered at the windows.

Reuben sprang out and held his hand to Bertie.

Bewildered, she passed with him, her father following, up the steps and into the long lighted drawing-room.

A little silver-haired old lady, in a dark rustling silk, came briskly forward.

"Welcome, my dear.

"Don't you know me?

"I'm Reuben's mother."

And then, as in a dream, Bertie saw her father shaking hands with the diminutive person in black, and Reuben kissing her heartily.

Then as Caleb Worthington caught sight of Bertie's bewildered face, he burst into a shout of laughter.

"It is all right, Bert: but what a conspiracy it was to be sure.

"Reuben's the son of my old friend Jim Carlyn.

"He was badly smitten that day in my office, and got up the romantic notion of winning you for love.

"He's done it, my girl, he's done it."

"And aren't you a country farmer?"

Reuben laughed, and caught the little wondering face in his white hands.

"I'm a West Row boy, was born and lived there, own a nice place down there to-day; but this is my only farmhouse, little woman.

"Are you sorry?"

"And now you've had a glimpse of your domain, hurry up, Bert, for mamma's expecting us at home," cried Mr. Worthington.

And Bertie laughed—a little, happy, hysterical laugh—and hid her face on her lover's breast.

"Oh, I'm so glad.

"You naughty papa."

Then, womanlike—

"What will Cordelia say?"

But Bertie, so happy in her beautiful home and her husband's royal love, could not hear Cordelia's murmur of rebellious resignation—

"It is kismet.

"That child to win the catch of the season.

"It was West Row versus Brighton. Dear me!"

Archer, the Jockey.

Archer, the famous jockey, is to be married Christmas to one of the prettiest girls in Newmarket, the daughter of John Dawson, the trainer. Archer is building a house at Newmarket of red brick, with deep stone dressing, and handsomely decorated. It has ornamental and kitchen gardens, stables, hot-houses, an elegant conservatory and every comfort, including an enormous mastiff. There is a private Turkish bath, in which Archer proposes to keep himself down to all but skeleton weight. He cannot take walking exercise. He is worth £60,000, invested for him by Lord Falmouth in solid securities.

A Peculiar Custom.

When a Chinaman finds himself financially embarrassed and is in need of money he does not do as other people do, borrow it, and either give a promissory note or chattel mortgage as security for the same, but he forms what in Chinese is called an "owey." This is something which is peculiarly Chinese and requires a minute explanation in order that it may be clearly understood. The lowest "owey" is fixed at $1 for each person forming it and the highest $200. For instance, if a Chinaman needs $100 he will call on a number of his friends, not to exceed ten, and tell them that he wishes that amount of money and desires to form an "owey." If it is decided that it shall be a $20 "owey," then five person in addition to the originator combine. For the purpose of explaining the "owey" the originator will be designated as Sam and his five friends as Yow, Yen, Kow, Chew and Hing. At the first meeting of the six the originator receives from each of the other five $20, making up the amount he requires. This is a loan made to him without interest, which he must repay at the rate of $20 per month. At the time this sum is advanced the other five bid for the privilege of the "owey" for the running month. Each one writes on a slip of paper the amount of the premium he will give. These slips are rolled separately and thrown into a bowl and shaken up, after which each slip is unrolled and the amount noted. The "owey" is then awarded to the one having bid the highest premium. Yow having bid $1 premium, Yen, Kow, Chew and Hing each pay $19, which is the amount less the premium, and amounting in all to $76; and if he adds the amount of his own contribution it will make a total of $96, or equal to the amount advanced to Sam less $4, which is reckoned as interest, allowing $1 for each of the four who advance the money. At the close of the first month Sam, the originator, is, by the rules which govern this system of money lending, forced to notify all who belong to the "owey" of the next meeting. At this meeting Yen, Kow, Chew and Hing are the only ones who are permitted to offer a premium, Sam and Yow having no voice in the matter. At this meeting the premium of $1 is again offered, and it having been awarded to Yen the other three pay him $19 each, and Sam and Yen repay their first monthly installment of $20 each. At the next meeting only three, Kow, Chew and Hing, can bid, and if the same amount of premium is bid and it is awarded to the first of the three named, the other two pay him $19 each, while the other three, Sam, Yow and Yen, pay him $20 each. At the next meeting only two, Chew and Hing, are permitted to offer a premium, The one to whom the "owey" is awarded receives from the other the amount, less the premium, and from the other four $20 each. At the next and last meeting, only one remaining, he receives from the other five $20 each, making the full sum of $100. By this method the originator of the "owey," who obtains the money without interest, has the use of $100 for one month, $80 for four months, $60 for three months, $40 for two months, and $20 for one month. In return for the use of the money he is forced to act as collector from the other members of the "owey," who are required to pay the monthly instalments of $20. He also assumes a risk, and that is, if any member of the "owey" does not pay at the appointed time he has to be responsible for the amount due. The other members of the "owey," who by instalment advance money to one another, receive intere for the amount of their advances and each in turn has the use of the total amount of the "owey" in the same proportion as the originator. This method of money lending is in vogue among all classes, and women often form "oweys" among themselves. When the slips of paper before alluded to are drawn from the bowl it often happens that two or more contain the same amount of premium. In such an event the "owey" is given to the one whose slip is first drawn. The "owey" may be composed of any number not exceeding ten besides the originator, and the greatest amount that may be raised by such means is $2,000. Whenever an "owey" is formed and the amount to be awarded to the originator is $500, or in excess thereof, he is required to treat those who loan him the money to a dinner not to cost less than $2 a head. Oftentimes a high premium is bid for the privilege of the "owey" for each succeeding month, and this gives the lenders considerable interest for the use of their money.

Met His Deserts.

The man who travels on the railroad and sits down by the side of lone females and tells them that he recognizes a likeness of their faces to his wife's sister, met his deserts on one of the roads lately.

He sat down in the half of a seat, the other half of which was occupied by a pleasant-faced young lady. He looked at her, as such fellows will, and then said:

"Pardon me, miss, but is your name James? I have a cousin of that name whom you greatly resemble."

"No, sir," was the reply; "my name is not James. But I think I must ask you to pardon me if I ask is your name Zinc or Copper?"

"Zinc or Copper? No, ma'am," said the man. "What led you to suppose I had such names?"

"Pray excuse me," was the quiet reply, "but I thought you must be a first cousin to a brass foundry."

The man knocked over a bird cage in his haste to get into the smoking car, while the young lady quietly smiled behind her handkerchief.

Slim Jim's Quiet Burial.

There was a strange funeral from the undertaker's shop 82 Greenwich street, New York, the other afternoon. No minister, no weeping relatives, no flowers, no tears were to be seen. Only a couple of dozen rough men went into the shop, singly or in couples, and took a look at the corpse. It was the body of a man of 30, with a high forehead, prominent nose, and the expression of a man who had seen life in some of its roughest phases. The undertaker said:

"There is no use in publishing him. His last request was that it should be kept secret, because he did not wish his poor old mother to know of it. She is 70 years old, and living in a comfortable home down East, which he provided for her. He said it would not do any good to let her know he was dead."

"He was the slickest handed man that ever tossed a pasteboard," said one of the bystanders to a reporter. "He went by the name of Jordan, but his real name was Bruce. He was well known among the sporting fraternity as the original 'Slim Jim, king of the three card monte men.' His real name was James Bruce, and he was a farmer boy away down in Maine up to 1868. One day he went to a county fair and saw a man tossing the three cards. He thought he could pick out the little joker. It looked so easy to make $5 by saying 'that's the card,' when he saw the corner turned. He bet and lost, and bet and lost as many a greenhorn has done before and since. In trying to get $24 out of the the three card monte man, on what he thought a sure thing, he lost $25. Then he made up his mind it would be a good game to learn. He learned it so well that he made over $400,000 out of it.

"Jim was 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighed 150 pounds, had a smooth face and looked like a natural verdant or 'sucker.' To look at him when he was made up for business you would think him a country lout, who needed to be taken care of. He used to wear a suit of 'dungarees,' or brown country garments, that made him look like a farmer's man in store clothes. When he got on those dungarees, with a straw hat, big boots with his pantaloons tucked in, and a hunk of gingerbread, he was ready to skin any countryman that ever tried to rob a monte man, by pretending to guess a card when he thought he had it sure.

"Jim, dressed in this rig, would stumble into an express train at a country station, sprawl over the floor, spill a few out of a bag of $20 gold pieces, swear that he had been robbed of a part of the money he had got for selling his farm, and in a clumsy way bring out the cards to show how the gamblers got the best of him. His cappers or confidants would gather about and soon Jim would have a first class game under way. The greenhorns would be sure to bite. Jim would turn up the corner of the ace in such a clumsy way and let them win a few times to get them excited. Then the simpletons would bet all they had, and Jim would scoop it.

"For years Jim has been known at races fairs, and on the principal railroads. He worked them all as long as he could. He was very successful on the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads, and was the best 'sure thing' gambler in America. He was the equal of the celebrated 'Canada Bill,' the three card monte man who died in Philadelphia recently.

"Jim offered the Union Pacific Railroad Company $10 000 for permission to ply his game on their road in 1876, and agreed that he would not fleece anybody but deacons and clergymen. He used to say that it was a perfectly fair thing to swindle the pious people who were trying to cheat others by betting on what they thought was a sure thing.

"Jim was well known in Utah, California, Nevada, and, in fact, throughout the West. Often the railroad companies would put detectives after him to keep him off the trains. Latterly he worked the trains between New York and Washington He was not without sympathy. If he won from a man who could afford to lose he would not care how much he took away from him. But, if he thought the victim could not spare it, he would give back part of the money with the good advice: 'Don't gamble; don't even bet that you are alive.'

"Jim was registered at the Park Hotel, Mat Gooderson's old place, as James Jordan and by that name he was generally known. Two weeks previous to his death he was out with som friends pretty well on to Sunday morning He got scuffling, all in fun, with Mat Carroll. Carroll got into a scuffle with another man and shot at him hitting Jim by mistake. The ball lodged in the groin and he was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he died. Some of the boys visited him in the hospital, and did what they could for him. They raised $150 to bury him decently, and some of them sat up with the body on the last night. Who were they? Well, perhaps there is no use saying who they were, as the man was crooked. But, though he was a crooked man, he had a good heart, and many is the dollar he took from those who could afford to lose it and gave it to some poor emigrant without a dollar in the world."

The facts with regard to the shooting of Bruce were as follows: On a Sunday afternoon a shot was heard in Park Row, and immediately afterward a thin man limped across the road to Frankfort street, a stout man fell on his back on the footway, and a man in a white slouch hat was seen running along the sidewalk toward the sidewalk toward the postoffice with a revolver in his hand. He was pursued and arrested. In the Oak street station he was accused by the fat man, who said his name was Maxwell, of having fired at him. The prisoner was identified as "Boston Jack," a confidence man. In the meantime a reporter had found that the thin man, who had been forgotten in the excitement, had been wounded in the thigh, and that his name was James L. Jordan. He was taken in an ambulance to Chambers Street Hospital, where it was found that the ball had passed through the thigh. He said he was 32 years old, had been in the city two or three years, and was living at 9 Chatham street. He would give no further information. He was sent to Bellevue the same evening. This was James Bruce, alias Jordan. Boston Jack, who gave his name as Frank Ramsley, and Maxwell were brought before Judge Murray the following day. Ramsley was committed, without bail, to await the result of Jordan's injuries, and Maxwell was fined $10 for being drunk, and was held in $500 bail to keep the peace for six months.

Jim, the king of all monte men, was buried in Weehawken Cemetery.

MyLord.

One of the notable personages of Russia during the last reign was the Emperor's dog "Mylord." The animal was a great favorite of his master, accompanied him on his various campaigns and was constantly the object of assiduous care. He has just died of old age in the Princess Dolgorouky's hotel at Pau, and has been buried in the garden of the villa belonging to General Gaillard. A white marble tablet will be raised over the grave.

Beans And Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving was regarded as sacred time in Connecticut a century ago. A negro slave of Governor Huntington, of Norwich, was thoughtlessly chopping wood on a Thursday, Thanksgiving Day in late November. One of the young ladies called to him, "Sambo, you mustn't cut wood to-day; it is Sunday." "Sunday," said Sambo, reflectively; "we no hab baked beans last night." A traveler in prairiedom rode up to a log-house on a Saturday night as the family were sitting down to supper. His first salutation was, "When did you hear from Connecticut last?" "How did you know we were from Connecticut?" "By your bean pot, of course."

Was not one of the good dames of those times famous throughout the colony for the thickness and richness of her bean soup, whose husband, it is reported, invited a Governor or some other dignitary home to dine with him, promising him a rare luxury? It was late, the family had dined, and the mistress had gone out for an afternoon visit. "Never mind," said the host, "there is the porridge pot, still on the crane in the chimney," and forthwith bowls of steaming liquid were spread upon the table. "Wife's soup's not as good as usual to-day," but by crumbling bread into it they managed to make a meal. At tea the husband said: "My dear, seems to me your bean soup was not as good as common." "Where did you get it?" "Out of the pot in the chimney corner." "Bless me," says the horror-stricken wife," "that was my dishwater.'

Baked beans, baked salt pork and rye and Indian bread were the luxuries. Beans every Saturday night or the oven tops would fall in. Why on Saturday night? It was said to be commemorative. In Indian war times an alarm sent the settlers scurrying through the woods to the block-house. It was Saturday and provisions were short. One lady said she left an oven full of good things and two adventurous men stole through the alder swamps and returned with whole scalps, and the whole garrisoned cammunity made a supper of baked beans and brown bread, and thenceforward the custom prevailed till it has spread over the Union, along with hasty pudding, to which Barlow dedicated an ode, and succotash, which the Pilgrims learned to make of the red Cape Codites.

Sir John McDonald and the Cabman.

Mr. Davin, in his most delightful lecture on "Down the Gulf and by the Sea," lately delivered at Winnepeg and Regina, tells the following very characteristic story of the veteran statesman at the head of the Canadian Government: "In due course the party arrived at Quebec. The visit to the Angelican Cathedral brought on some new and original ideas on the subject of church decoration from Mr Roby, the visit to the Citadel, the St. Louis Hotel and Mount Hermon Cemetary also contributing to the general amusement and interest. And the first chapter of what is really a novel in three chapters concludes with this scene, which we believe is historical, and took place this summer. On reaching the St. Louis Hotel they saw Sir John McDonald, with his thoughtful face and dark curls, which still fight hard against the blanching touch of time. He was surrounded by a lot of cabmen all crying: "I'll take you, sir, I've a fine horse, Sir John." Then our friends had the opportunity of witnessing one of those acts which more than even his great ability has endeared Sir John McDonald to a large portion of the Canadian people, Sir John asked whether Jim McCullough was there. Jim was not there, but a little boy said Jim was on the stand, and he would fetch him. Many years ago, when Parliament met in Quebec, Jim always drove Sir John. Jim now came, old and ragged, driving the worst cab in Quebec. Sir John shook hands with him, inquired how Biddy and the children were, and then amid cheers, in which even the disappointed cabmen joined, drove off to visit the Governor General and the Princess Louise."

Bread.

This article of food was transmitted by the Greeks to the Romans, and either the latter or the Phœnicians may have introduced the cultivation of corn into Gaul. While, however, the land was mainly covered with immense forests, a long time must have elapsed before the practice of eating acorns, chestnuts, and beech mast was abandoned, and even when corn was regularly grown, ripened and harvested, the grains were merely plucked from the ear and eaten raw or slightly parched. The next step was to infuse the grains in hot water for the making of a species of gruel or porridge, and a long time afterward it may have occurred to some bright genius to pound the corn in a mortar or rub it to a powder between two stones. Subsequently came the hand-mill; but it was not until after the first crusade that the wind-mill was introduced from the East, whither it had probably found its way from China. The first bread was evidently baked on the ashes and unleavened, and the intolerable pangs of indigestion brought on by a continual course of "galette" or "damper" may have suggested the use of a ferm was, agent, which, in the first instancenting probably, stal bread turned sour. Pliny has distinctly told us, in his "Natural History," that the Gauls leavened their bread with yeast made from the lye of beer; yet, strangely enough, they abandoned the use of beer yeast, and did not resume it until the 17th century. Its revival in France made the fortune of many bakers; then the medical faculty sounded an alarm, declaring that yeast made from bear was poisonous. Its employment was prohibited by law in 1866 but the outcry raised by the bakers and the public was so vehement that in the following year the decree of prohibition was cancelled, with the proviso that the yeast was to be procured only from beer freshly brewed in Paris or its immediate neighborhood. Some form of fermented bread, however, the French had been eating for 1600 years, in contradistinction to the gruel and pulse eating Italians and Levantines and the purely vegetarian Hindus.

Hows Seals Begin Life.

Of the different sorts of North Atlantic seals all but two are migratory—that is to say, the whole body of them move from north to south each Autumn, and back from south to north each Spring. The annual southward journey of the restless harp-seal furnishes a vivid picture of these great migrations which are so prominent a feature of polar history. Keeping just ahead of the "making" of the ice or final freezing up of the fiords and bays, at the approach of Winter they leave Greenland, and begin their passage southward along the coast of Labradore, freely entering all the gulfs and bays. Floating in with the Arctic current, their progress is extremely rapid, and in but one short week the whole multitude has passed. Arriving at the Straits of Bellisle, some enter the gulf, but the great body move onward along the eastern portion of Newfoundland, and thence outward to the Grand Banks, where they arrive about Christmas. Here they rest for a month, and then they turn northward, slowly struggled against the strong curing rent that aided them so much in their southward journey, until they reach the great ice-fields stretching from the Labrador shore far eastward—a broad continent of ice. During the first half of March, on these great floating fields of ice, are born thousands of baby seals—all in soft woolly dress, white, or white with a beautiful golden lustre. The Newfoundlanders call them "white-coats." In a few weeks, however, they lose this soft covering, and a gray, coarse fur takes its place. In this uniform they bear the name of "ragged-jackets," and it is not until two or three years later that the full colors of the adult are gained, with the black crescentic or harp-like marks on the back, which give them the name of "harps." The squealing and barking at one of these immense nurseries can be heard for a very long distance. When the babies are very young, the mothers leave them on the ice and go off in search of food, coming back frequently to look after the little ones; and although there are thousands of the small, white, squealing creatures, which to you and me would seem to be precisely alike, and all are moving about more or less, the mother never makes a mistake nor feeds any bleating baby until she has found her own If ice happens to pack around them, so that they cannot open holes, nor get into the water, the whole army will laboriously travel by floundering leaps to the edge of the field; and they show an astonishing sagacity in discerning the proper direction. It is supposed that they can smell the water at a long distance. Sometimes great storms come, breaking the ice-floes in pieces and jamming the fragments against one another, or upon rocky headlands, with tremendous force. And it is touching to watch a mother seal struggling to get her baby to a safe place, "either by trying to swim with it between her fore-flippers, or by driving it before her and tossing it forward with her nose." The destruction caused by such gales is far less when they happen after the youngsters have learned to swim. A baby seal is afraid of the water; and if some accident, or his mother's shoulder, pushes him into the water when he is ten or a dozen days old, he screams with fright, and scrambles out as fast as he can. The next day he tries it again, but finds himself very awkward and soon tired the third day he does better, and before long he can dive and leap, turn somerset (if he is a bearded seal), and vanish under the ice literally "like a blue streak," the instant danger threatens.

Big Profits of Street Begging.

Happening to pass through Fourteenth street yesterday afternoon I noticed an intelligent looking man with an empty sleeve. He was begging—a common enough sight in New York—but this beggar was an estbete. He was sitting beside a huge music box that probably costs $100, and in front of it was a handsome poodle dog, carefully combed and trimmed, and in his mouth a small basket. The man had a soldier's cap in his hand, and the group was an affective and artistic one. Curious to see how the dog succeeded I stood aside for a few minutes and saw fully half a dollar dropped in pennies and nickels by the ladies who were passing, all evidently attracted by the fine face of the beggar, the clean looking dog and the musical strains of the tireless box as it jinglad out an aria from "Somnambula." No one stopped to consider that beggars are not supposed to be able to buy $100 music-boxes, but every tender-hearted woman dropped her mite and passed on, thinking she had done a charitable action. Two hours afterward I passed the beggar, and found him still scooping in the nickels at a furious rate. No doubt he realized eight or ten dollars before sunset. There is a story extant of a man who tried unsuccessfully to get employment, and at length sat down on the curbstone, exhausted by fatigue and hunger. He fell asleep and his hat slipped from his head and lay upturned beside him. When he awoke he found nearly a dollar in small coin in the hat, and, seeing that begging was profitable, sat on the same spot day after day with his hat before him. So well did he succeed that he was able at last to go out West and purchase a farm. It is quite true, and the man is living still. In fact, begging is a profession, and men and women stand in the dust asking for alms who are really richer than those who bestow them. The superintendent of police once pointed out an old man to me who, he said, owned a whole row of dwellings up town, the rents of which were over $15,000 per annum, and all this valuable property had been paid for by begging.

Use your leisure time for improvement.

Country Life in Greece.

A drive of an hour and a half brought us to Vertonda, the little village where we were to see for the first time the real country life. Its name is Turkish, and is that of a flower which grows abundandtly in the vicinity. We turned off the main road into a lane through the fields then waving with wheat and barley ripe for the harvest. This farm was bought sixty years ago, by the father of the present owner, from a pacha, for a diamond hilted sword worth five thousand drachmas, or about one thousand dollars. It is now estimated at about forty times its value. It is very extensive and beside the grain fields, has vineyards and valuable chromium mines. The village is small—a group of ten or twelve houses, clustered about the white-washed church. Behind this, on higher grounds, stand the house and garden of the proprietor, nestled at the foot of an abrupt and wooden cliff. A way in the distance the snow-capped peaks of Delphis, the highest mountain of Eubœa, looms up to a height of over five thousand feet. Its base is a half day's ourney from Vertonda on horseback, and we hoped at first to make the ascent; but, hearing on all sides the difficulties to be encountered, we did not attempt it. One of the few people who had climbed it, however, was Queen Amelia, who was an undaunted explorer of all parts of her kingdom.

The house of Mr. X. is a low cottage, covering much ground, and built around a court-yard, which we entered through a high, strong gateway. The gate and the iron barricades at the windows gave me a feeling of trepidation; but my friends laughed at my fears, and the attractive and chereful aspect of the establishment reassured me. Flowers were growing everywhere, pigeons were cooing from their cotes in a little tower, and several smiling servants were awaiting our arrival. The inside of the house was most comfortable, and the view from the front windows was superb, overlooking the garden and village to the sea, half a mile a way; beyound this lay the Bœotian Mountains, and still further in the distance, shining like a golden crown in the setting sun, rose the eternal snows of Parnassus. After a little I wandered out into a field opposite the house, where a woman was cooking at a fire built in a rough sort of stone furnace. She had an immense copper kettle full of soap. I said; "You must have a large family?" Yes," she replied with an amused smile: "thirty women." Supposing that they had a system of co-operative house-keeping, and that she cooked for the whole village, I continued my inquiries, when she told me that, it being harvest season, there were many extra laborers, who were women, and she as the steward's daughter, had the supervision of them. The supper consisted only of a piece of bread beside the soup; and this diet has but few varations, such as black olives, salad, and fruit in the season. Meat is a great rarity; many eat it but once a year, at the feast of Lambri, or Easter. Then every one eats roast spring lamb; and if one is too poor to buy it he will be sure to find somebody to give it to him. The generosity of the Greeks is extreme at Easter and New Year, as it is considered a religious duty to help the poor at these seasons. She took her soup off the fire, and put it out in the air to cool, remarking that it was very injurious to the teeth to eat hot food. As Greek peasants always have fine teeth, probably the theory is a correct one. After this she raked out her fire and put a number of loaves of bread on the heated stones: there, she said, they must remain all night to be thoroughly cooked. Her work finished, she gave a sigh of relief, and sat down to await her family of thirty women, whom we soon saw approaching through the gathering darkness. As they came nearer I perceived that they were mostly girls of fourteen or fifteen years, with one or two older women who led the party; they were a sturdy-looking, sunburned set, and, instead of seeming weary with the long day's work, were in the best of spirits, laughing and talking. The effect was most picturesque: for although clad in the poorest, and in many cases most ragged castumes, the shape of their garments was such as best to set off their superb figures, and their free, untrammeled gait gave them even a majestic air. The material of the dress is both woolen and cotton, of soft yellowish-white, embroidered with bright colors; the broad sashes and the kerchiefs worn over the head are also of some gay color, becoming to their dark hair and eyes. As soon as they had reached the place where we were they sat down in groups, keeping up the same lively chatter.

During our own repast, which was soon announced. Mr. X. told us that these women laborers were a set o people from the poorest part of the population, who always went about together from estate to estate to help when there was extra work on hand. They receive a drachma per day and their food, the day lasting from sunrise to sunset. This company was from Chalcis; but he soon expected a band of men from Salamis, whose natives are considered remarkable good workers. The conversation then turned upon the conditon of the laboring classes in Greece, whereupon he expressed much dissatisfaction at the large number of feast-days that the peasants keep, and said that the country would always be poor until the laborers would learn to work more steadily. Some of his people, particularly the older ones, would never work on any saint's day; as the name of the saints is legion, there woul be an average of nearly a day a week, beside the Sunday, when they would do nothing but dress in their best clothes and dance and sing. I could not help thinking how much this sociable dancing and singing added to their charms as human beings, and wondering whether they would come home at night from their labors with such an elastic step were it not for this waste of time of which the landlords so bitterly complain.

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